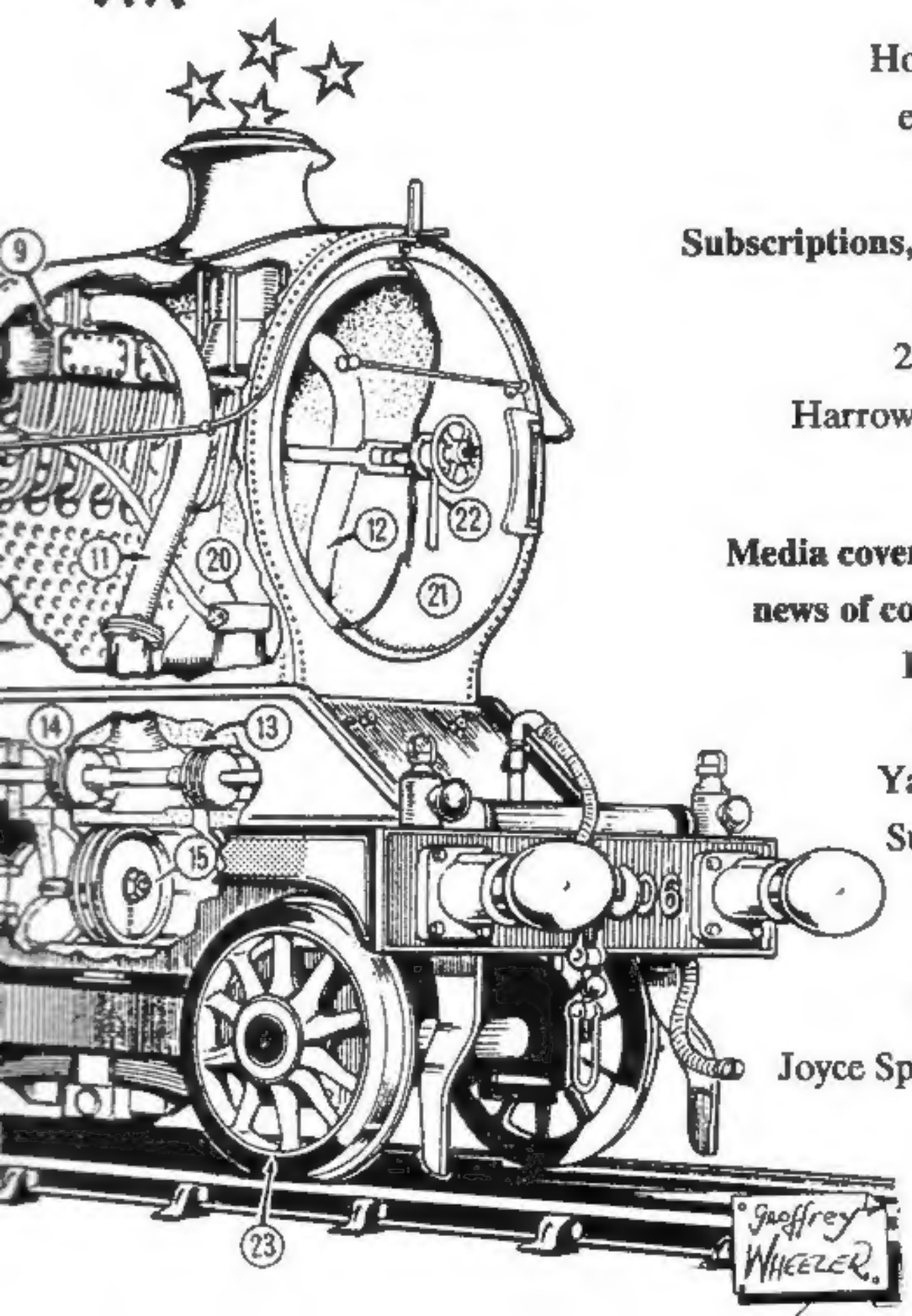
Vol. 6 No. 4 Winter 1993

EAGLE TIMES

The quarterly journal of the Eagle Society



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EAGLE TIMES

Vol.6 No.4 Winter 1993

The quarterly journal
of the Eagle Society

The Eagle Society 1950-69 is
dedicated to the memory of
Britain's National Picture Strip
Weekly - the Eagle

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Annual Subscription £15.50

THE EAGLE SOCIETY

EAGLE TIMES WINTER 1993

A Happy Christmas to all our Readers

Hello again,

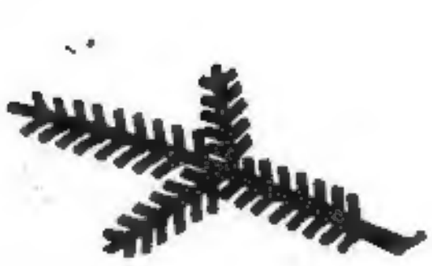
Christmas 1993 marks the end of the fifth year of Eagle Times and we celebrate the event with an even bigger edition of what we hope is your favourite magazine - now comprising a massive sixty pages! Certainly the last five years have passed very quickly; in fact, almost as quickly as being in suspended animation aboard a "Tengam" drive ship bound for Cryptos. We are sure you will notice that most of the sixty pages of the magazine are now enhanced with a more modern type-setting for which we have to thank Tony Cowley and his new demon printer.

We are especially grateful to Martin Aitchison for our Christmas cover which means that this year three out of four covers have been contributed by former Eagle artists. Furthermore, we hope our Spring '94 issue will boast a Jack Daniels cover and a tribute to Frank Humphris by Charles Chilton - a real "Wild West" issue. Also next year you will be able to start collecting "The Best of Eagle Days" which will be under Tony Cowley's editorship and is to be issued with Eagle Times in several parts during 1994/95.

The general flavour of this issue, apart from Christmas, is very much of the sixties with Colin Knight's article about Gordon of Khartoum (1960), Geoffrey Wheeler reflecting upon his 'sixties cut-aways, Richard Sheaf on the subject of Marvel Comics and Eagle (1968) and in conversation with Bill Rudling, Martin Aitchison remembers "The Lost World" strip he drew in 1962. Of course, you will find many familiar features being continued such as the Epsom Dan Dare Studio, Frank Bellamy, the Australian Eagle and "The Case of the Black Diamonds". Unfortunately, it has proved impossible to continue with "Time Line" since Chris Tubb has gone abroad and despite INTERPOL'S best endeavours he cannot be traced.

Unusually in this issue we are expecting you to do some work for us by requesting that you complete the Readers Research Poll form which you will find as one of four loose inserts elsewhere in the magazine. Please take a little time filling in this form which will help us to find out just what everyone likes to read in the magazine. You should return it to Keith Howard, together with your subscription which, incidentally, remains unchanged for 1994.

As you are aware, our 1994 Annual Dinner is being held in Lincoln on 16/17th April when the guests of honour will be Chad Varah and Peter Jackson. There is no doubt that this weekend event will be a splendid affair. Consequently, a "first come - first served" policy has to apply to bookings and, therefore, if you are at all interested in attending you should make a booking with David Gould as soon as you can and certainly not later than 31st January. Booking form and other details appear as another insert to the magazine. The remaining two inserts comprise a combined sales/wants/balance sheet and a page of "Christmas Bubbles".



Christmas is always a time for indulgences, usually involving both solids and liquids! Therefore, we feel that this justifies us indulging in a little healthy nostalgia by looking back to that first year of Eagle and, in particular, it's first Christmas when many of us were sharing the concern of Captain Hunter, O.C. Ranger who had virtually given up all hope for the survival of the crews of the three rocket ships which had recently landed on Venus, the mystery planet. Happily, however, Peabody, Sir Hubert and Albert Fitzwilliam were none the worse for wear and, in fact, were whiling away their time in Treen captivity by dreaming of how they would spend a perfect Christmas Day. Meanwhile, in the southern hemisphere, Dan had been reunited with Hank and Pierre and, with Theron help, was planning how to rescue his incarcerated chums. During that far-off Eagle Christmas we were introduced to Jeff Arnold, Rustler and the rest of the 6T6 Outfit. Tweed literally tumbled upon a crooked Father Christmas and Skippy the Kangaroo had taken up boxing. At the same time Tommy Walls was busy apprehending turkey thieves. We wonder what Tommy and his pals would think of Wall's new virtually fat-free ice cream called "Too Good To Be True"? We prefer the toffee flavour!

In the real world of 1950 the future for mankind looked bleak. The Americans were seriously considering using nuclear weapons against the Communist forces of North Korea in a UN campaign which was proving to be the first major conflict of the Cold War. In America, anti-Communism had reached almost hysterical proportions, since US intelligence appeared to have hard evidence that the Soviets now possessed nuclear weapons. Incidentally, many historians attribute the experiences of American forces in Korea as being the origin of "beatnik" philosophy which was to appear later in the 'fifties and developed into the "hippy" culture of the 'sixties.

At home, we still had a viable aircraft industry which had just unveiled the Canberra jet light bomber. The Comet was continuing to make headlines around the world - evidence of metal fatigue still lay in store and finally dealt a blow to the industry from which it never recovered. Petrol had become freely available once more, although Rover's new gas-turbine car ran on paraffin! It was confidently expected that this clutchless, gearboxless vehicle would be in full production by 1955.

Frank Hampson always regarded 1950 as his "Golden Year". We suspect that Richard Todd must have had similar feelings about this first year of Eagle since it was when he was awarded a Daily Mail Oscar and voted Actor of the Year by the British Film Institute. You may also share our opinion that in his film role as Guy Gibson in "The Dam Busters" Todd probably came nearer than anyone to the image of Dan Dare as depicted by Frank Hampson and Don Harley in "The Man from Nowhere" saga.

Of course, at the present time, virtual reality and interactive computing is all the rage. Just imagine, if such technology had been developed in the 'fifties, we could have flown to Venus with Dan & Co., pounded the beat with 'Fortynine and crewed for Storm Nelson. However, we expect that a lot of us would have been much keener on a little interactivity with Miss Peabody!

The recent cloning of a human embryo should give all of us some cause for concern. Undoubtedly; such a technique would have attracted the attention of the Mekon. We can imagine him planning to capture the micro-biologists involved with a view to producing millions of earthling slaves.

The recently published "Star Trek Memories" by William Shatner (Harper/Collins £9.99p) provides a fascinating look behind the scenes of this immensely successful series. Creator Gene Roddenberry must have been very like Frank Hampson in his striving for perfection. Apparently, Roddenberry often agonized over script changes up to the very last minute before film shooting began. Nevertheless, we suspect he never had to work in an old bakery!

Our thanks are due to Charles Evans Gunther for all the screen printed illustrations in this year's magazines. Charles's article on Dan Dare's family tree certainly started something as other members have also sent in their ideas. David Ampleford will be continuing this theme in the Spring issue.

The current inexorable shift in the balance of World power from West to East has some disturbing implications for Dan Dare enthusiasts. It seems almost inevitable that China will become the single most powerful nation state sometime during the next Century, raising the possibility that the first men to orbit Venus will be Chinese. There would be a certain irony in such an achievement, since it can be argued that the space-race had it's origins in China where rockets were first invented. How does a Hongkongese Controller of Space Fleet with an HQ on Taiwan grab you?

On that rather startlingly speculative note, we leave you to read the rest of the magazine with a final reminder about the Readers Research Poll.

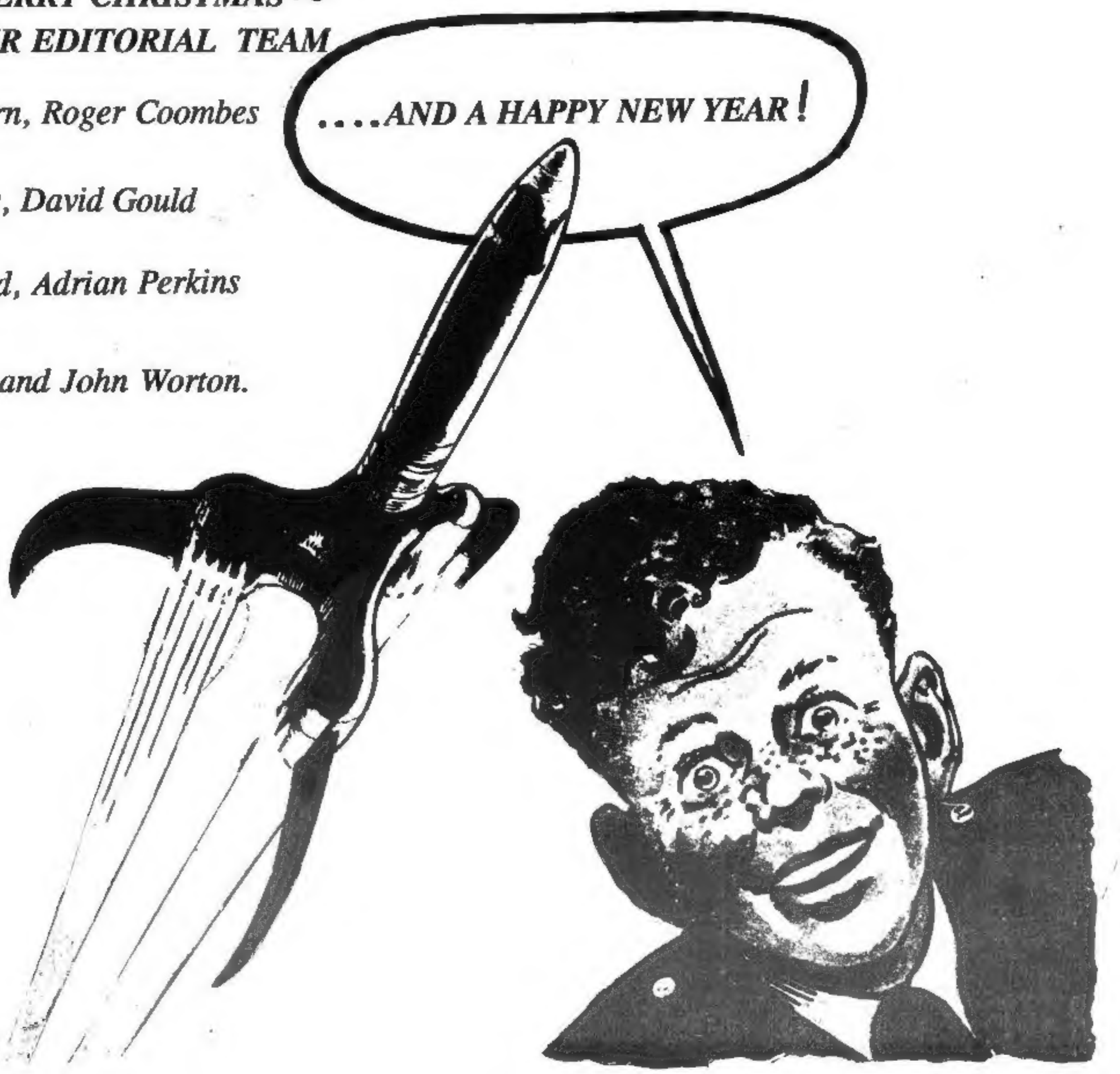
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS ~
FROM YOUR EDITORIAL TEAM

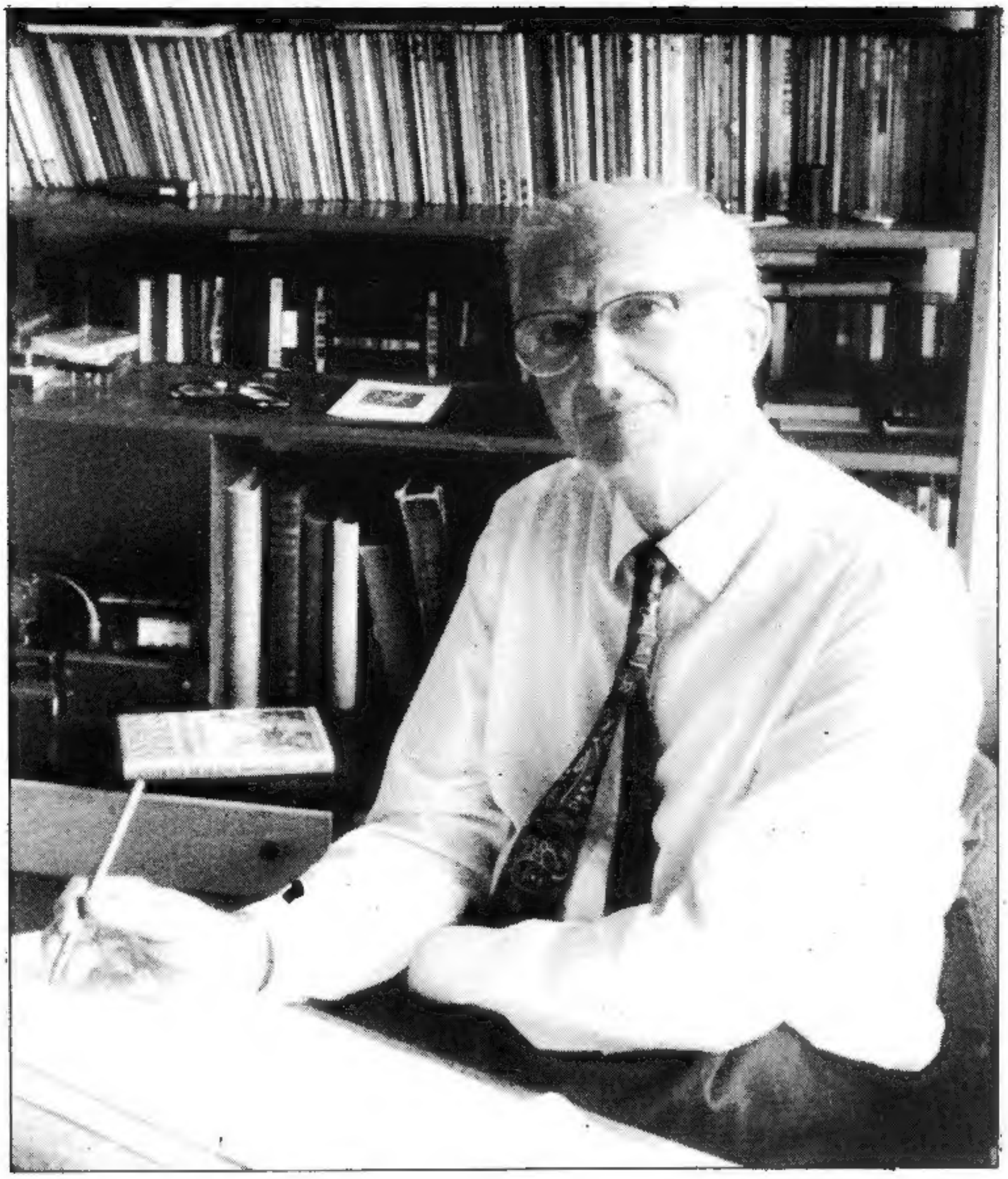
Howard Corn, Roger Coombes

Tony Cowley, David Gould

Keith Howard, Adrian Perkins

Bill Rudling and John Worton.





COVER STORY

Martin Aitchison

in conversation with Bill Rudling

'Of course I'll do a Bimberg cover' said Martin. Mind you, I've not drawn him for 31½ years, though old habits die etc .... and apart from that some say I've never stopped putting his face in various illustrations, unaware of this myself mind you - when do you need it?'

'In about six weeks' I answered. 'If time allows Bill, after your business in town give us a ring I live just 4 miles out'.

A few weeks later I travelled to Martin's village on the edge of the Cotswolds, with the tantalizing prospect of seeing a new illustration, a preliminary sketch for the Eagle Times Christmas cover. The sketch was everything I had expected from Martin: Luck, Bimberg and Trenet were all there - and they hadn't aged in those 31½ years.

Over tea and Dorothy's delicious fruit cake, we talked about Luck, the elusive Bond, Hornblower and Richard Jennings.

I asked Martin if he had researched the historical detail for the Eagle strips? 'Yes, in respect of Hornblower though it came up in a rush, as usual but obviously I wasn't going to get away with guessed uniforms and equipment. I took a trip to Grenwich and studied the collection in the National Maritime Museum. Of course, there were plenty of books to be had of the period, so it was really no problem. What the problem was was the schedule - more cake Bill?'

Thinking of Bimberg, I took another piece of fruit cake. 'Having completed my 22 frame double page spread', continued Martin I would take it in to John Jackson (no slinging the job in and running then). And we need a cover drawing to go with this tomorrow morning? So, back to work and then the next episode'. We fixed a holiday, starting a few days after the last episode of Hornblower would have to be delivered - when I took it in Jackson said, 'We need another episode, there's been a hitch, and they had added a bit onto the end'. I wasn't going to wreck the family holidays, caravaning in France, so home I went and I got the 22 frames done in four days flat, it being me that was flat. I've still got the print somewhere it was the best, (as they go) of the series'.

Conan Doyle's 'The Lost World' came up in our conversation which prompted Martin's memory - My son was at the same school as that of Richard Jennings. Come Sports Day and the gathering of parents and on meeting Jennings, he says 'Congratulations on the Lost World drawings and seeing blank mystification on my face, explained, 'I write the script'. IPC never let contributors advertise their names in the papers, so I didn' know; although Richard could well have illustrated it himself'.

I was eating my third slice of fruit cake when we spoke of Frank Hampson - you can't talk Eagle without him. 'Since our previous interview' (Eagle Times Vol.4 No.3) I had said that I didn't think Ladybird gave Frank the right sort of books to illustrate, and I heard recently from the then Editor that he agreed, but unhappily there were no other books in the pipeline at that time, so he gave Frank whatever he could and planned more suitable books for him, to follow. Unhappily Frank's illness then started to interfere, and the planned books never came about. The Hampsons used to go up to Keen (Ladybird editor) in Stratford upon Avon and they were very welcome visitors. Like everyone else, Keen thought Frank a great chap and much appreciated his terrific skill in illustrating, and said he thought Frank got a raw deal and deserved better rewards for his fame.

On leaving, I thanked Dorothy and Martin for their warm welcome and hospitality - I also asked Martin if he had been able to keep any of his original artwork 'Not a single one' replied Martin 'none of the Hornblowers, Lost World nor the Luck of the Legion artwork'.

As a postscript, Martin asked me if any of the members have relatives who remember, or were involved in the battle of the Atlantic. A friend of his is writing a book on the subject and would be grateful for any information. Please send your correspondence to Martin Aitchison, care of the editorial address: 24 Stanfield Road, Duston Northampton NN5 6EZ

BOND on Radio

Geoffrey Bond

RADIO TIMES

1952

A New Radio Playwright

AT thirty-two Geoffrey Bond, author of the Saturday-afternoon play, *The Fog*, can look back on a varied career. Speaking from a retreat in Surrey where he does his writing—'a converted stable painted pink'—he told us that he began as a saxophone-player in a dance band. Then came the war, and he joined the Grenadier Guards. On demobilisation he went into films. From 1947 to 1949 he was a free-lance actor and writer with the South African Broadcasting Corporation. He played the comedy lead in a children's film, *The Mystery of the Snakeskin Belt*, which was shot in Rhodesia. Since he came back to England he has done more film work and acted in BBC productions.

Now he has decided to concentrate on writing and at the moment he is busy hammering out weekly instalments of a strip-cartoon about the French Foreign Legion for a popular boys' paper. *The Fog* is his first BBC radio play, but another, *They That Fly*, set in an airliner about to meet with disaster, has been accepted and will be broadcast next month.

3.15 Saturday Matinée

'THE FOG'

by Geoffrey Bond

Characters in order of speaking:

Warder.....Wyndham Milligan
Eva.....Joan Hart
Hugh.....George Cooper
Passenger.....John Turnbull
Porter.....Wyndham Milligan
A man.....Brian Haines
A cabby.....Nicholas Parsons
Harold Bancroft.....Allan Jeayes
Mrs. Raines.....Dorothy Smith
Grace Harter.....Molly Lawson

Production by Norman Wright

Sent in by

Simon Garrett.

JUNE

14 SATURDAY

MORNING AND AFTERNOON

BOND BEYOND EAGLE

By Harold Harpole

As the curtain went down on EAGLE's first decade, the second one looked less promising. A buyout by Longacre (a wholly owned Odhams Press Subsidiary) closely followed by another from the Daily Mirror Group, gave the paper two body blows from which it never recovered. One change was bad enough, but two! - we could only observe and watch the carve-up.

Quality writers were no longer wanted by the Management and so out went some of the best writers in the strip cartoon field.

Geoffrey Bond was in this category. His 'Luck of the Legion' character had stood the test of time in EAGLE but the Legionnaire was pensioned off in 1961, as was his creator. Martin Aitchison, Luck's artist, was kept on but only for another two years.

Bond had already turned to other writing and alternated his work between juvenile and adult stories. He also tried his hand at non-fiction, when in 1959 he had published, by Oldbourne, The Last Voyage of the Lancastrian - the true story of the Royal Navy Troopship torpedoed in World War II.

As the new decade came in and rumblings were heard from the EAGLE's management, Geoffrey concentrated on serious book writing. By 1960, he had on sale five 'Luck' novels and decided to go into juvenile novels with vigour. He landed a contract with Arco Books of Great Portland Street , London, to write for children six true-life adventures of famous people. Arco

Geoffrey Bond

SERGEANT LUCK TAKES OVER

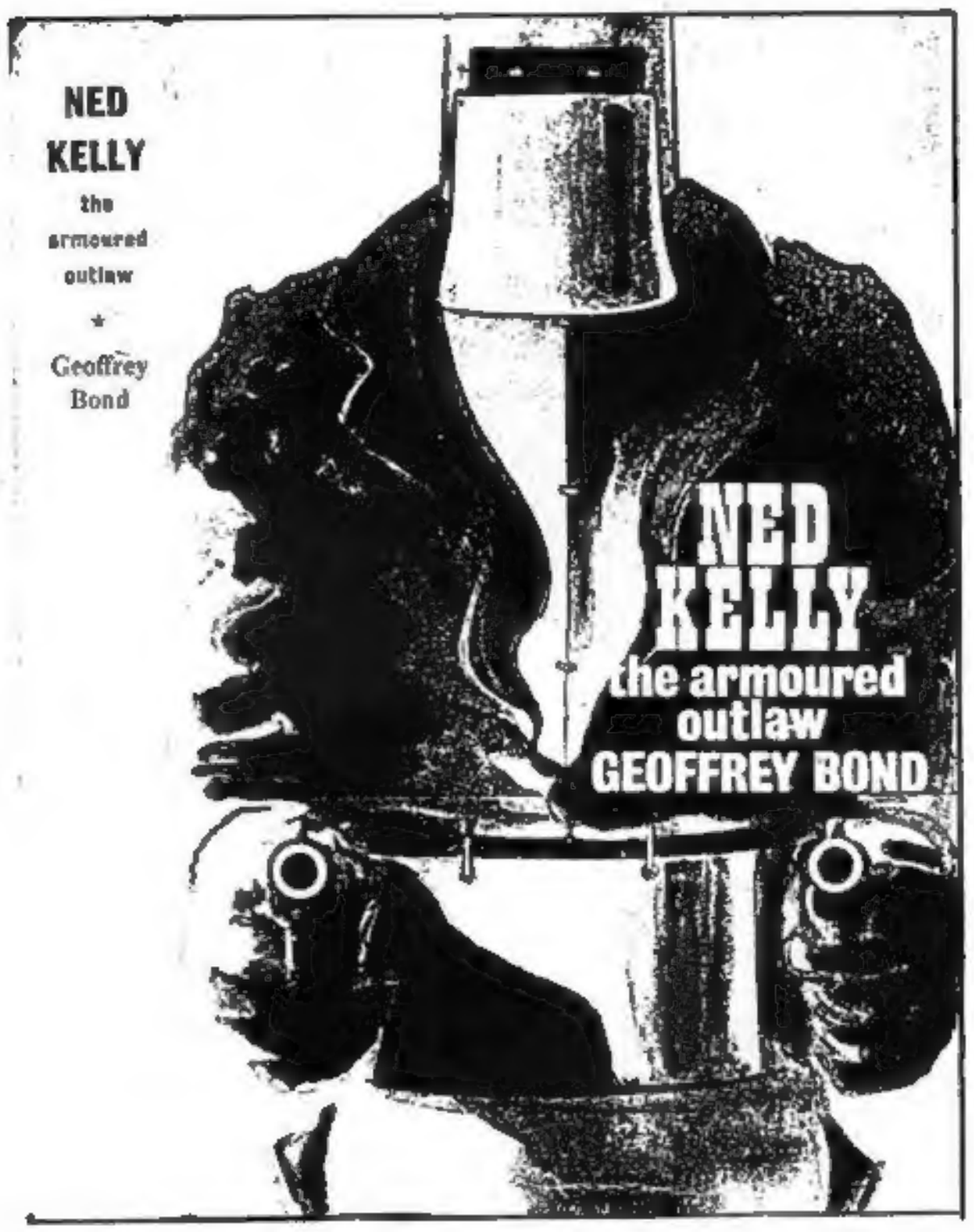
New adventures in the heart of the Indo-China jungle are told in this story of Sergeant Tough Luck, for the thousands who have followed *Luck of the Legion* in *Eagle*. Told by Geoffrey Bond, who has made a name for himself with his vivid descriptions of life in the French Foreign Legion. *Frontis*. 6s.

read also

LUCK OF THE LEGION *7s. 6d.*

HUTCHINSON AND CO., LTD.

Advert for a Luck novel
Hobbies Weekly 1954



Ned Kelly from Arco Publications

published three of these biographies during 1960; The Kit Carson Story, The Lawrence of Arabia Story, and Ned Kelly the Armoured Outlaw. They were written in a fast, entertaining way and achieved good sales.

In the 'Ned Kelly' book, Bond puts over both sides of the Kelly story telling of how Ned was picked on by the Australian authorities as a young man, and details some of the scrapes he got himself into. However, Bond does not defend Kelly when he turns outlaw and shoots Sergeant Lonigan at Koolibark Creek. There is a song about Ned Kelly and Bond's book goes along with it. "They say that Ned Kelly ain't never done wrong - but tell that to Lonigan's widow."

YELLOW PERIL...

by Geoffrey Bond

TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE about the ruthless pirates of the China Seas

Illustrated by Robert Hodgson

THE very word 'pirate' has always instilled feelings of terror and excitement among peace-loving peoples the world over.

Perhaps the most notorious pirates were those who sailed the famed Spanish Main, in search of "ill-gotten gains".

Teach, Avery, and their kind were vicious rogues but they were mere amateurs compared with their blood-brothers on the far side of the globe, in Oriental waters.

The slit-eyed, tawny-skinned marauders who fought like tigers from India to Cathay carved their own terrible reputations from the flesh of their innumerable victims. The tactics and characters of those Eastern terrorists differed vastly to those of their Occidental counterparts.

The pirates of East India operated along the coast, south of Bombay to Cochin, commonly known as Malabar.

It was here, during the eighteenth century, that the Mahratta tribe (an off-shoot of the all-powerful Angria dynasty,) held sway under their leader, Kanhoji, and his son Tulaji.

They ruled without opposition for many years, growing fat and prosperous on the proceeds of their many raids against the ships which sought to trade with the English and Dutch East India Companies.

Conditions for the Dutch and Portuguese sailors in particular were so bad that it was not unknown for them to surrender without a fight and throw in their lot with their attackers!

Tulaji had things all his own way until the appearance of Admiral Watson and General Clive, who were sent out from England with the express purpose of cleaning up the territory—and did so with typical thoroughness.

Though the Malabar Coast became safe to shipping there were other further-flung areas still infested with pirates, and one of the worst of these was the Malay Peninsular and the islands of Borneo and Sulu.

During the first half of the nineteenth century it was death to any unarmed merchantmen entering those deceptively quiet waters.

Without warning a ship would find itself surrounded by great war canoes driven by naked Dyak tribesmen, who valued their own lives little more than those of their intended victims.

More than one European craft was found drifting, crewed by a macabre collection of headless men who lay where they had fallen, with flies blackening the congealed blood that soaked the deck.

The pirates were the dreaded head-hunters . . .

Raga was a name that struck terror into the stoutest heart of the many sailors who plied the Eastern seas, for this flat-nosed murderer was the most bloodthirsty and ruthless pirate ever to tyrannize the Malay Archipelago.

For more than twenty years he and his savage disciples had scourged the vicinity of the Macassar Straits, and during that time he had taken nearly fifty European craft and butchered their crews mercilessly.

But in 1831 Raga brought about the beginning of his own end when he treacherously attacked a ship engaged in loading spices at Kuala Batu, in Sumatra.

That ship was the American schooner *Friendship*, under the command of Captain Endicott, and though her trading mission took her well into the danger zone she carried not one single weapon.

• • •

It was a simple enough task for the well-armed pirate. They swarmed aboard in their usual manner, hacking down the defenceless sailors, who fell easy prey to their great scything blades.

Only one man escaped that massacre, and that was Captain Endicott himself, who happened to be working in the hold and managed to hide until Raga and his men had left the death ship.

To have attempted retaliation would have been folly, for Endicott would only have suffered the same fate as his men. But now he was free to try and warn the American authorities—and he lost no time in doing so.

When the news reached distant Washington the government immediately ordered that a frigate

had played their parts so well that neither ... Malay accomplices suspected anything out ... ready for the kill, waiting ashore ... which had just put in at ... decided Raga.

FEBRUARY 1966 Boy's Own PAPER 2s.

Stories from Boy's Own

TRUE - LIFE ADVENTURE

For more than forty y... diving porpoise, nic... guided ships as sk... navigator through... tossed hazards o...

☆

PORPOISE AHOY!

by GEOFFREY BOND

illustrated by LASZLO ACS

ESCAPE FROM THE Casbah SEE STORY ON PAGE 30

... and ... way ... ce the ... ear into ... ture stand ... The new ... nd the cap ... as she to be ... on and glared ... in" a bet, as you ... the wind, but on ... en frowned in be ... eve me then!" ... to where, some way ... bled and rolled in the ... e us through. Just you ... hurts a scale on his back ... ring about ill-luck caused ... rd, but they did no more ... to watch from the privacy ... y would have seen that large ... r, as skilfully as any mariner, ... rench Pass. ... had blown itself out and the ... ters again did the great porpoise ... its shining tail and disappear into ... reached port her crew had a story to ... s ashore found it hard to believe! ... nse steered you through the Pass? I'll ... een I see it for meself!" ... meself' many a seaman was destined ... coming years, for through all seasons, day ... us Jack' (as he soon came to be called) ... help those ships that carried no human ... ... s of all nationalities whose vessels sailed ... Pass kept careful watch for that blue-white ... ng form that was always to be found in the ... Pelorus Sound. ... Sailors soon acknowledged him as a recognised sailing- ... and even by night the phosphorescence of his ... he was seen and welcomed by a variety of ... ... and well after the turn of the cen- ... ever. Visitors would ... Nelson on the ... ora to catch ... never

Voyage of the WAIKATO

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM TAYLOR

TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE

Lost at sea for five months, with a dead propeller and no steering! GEOFFREY BOND tells the story of an ill-fated 5000-ton steamer, bound from London for Fremantle

ONE OF THE longest and most hazardous voyages in maritime history was that of the ... Waikato, late in the 19th century. Admittedly, this voyage was purely ... but it serves to show that "those ... the sea in ships" must ... the unexpected ... She was a ... rigged ...

In 1957, Bond teamed up with an old colleague, Leonard White, and the two men put together a series of four books for publishers Blackie and Son, called 'The Wayfarer Books'. This series looked at geographical areas of the World The last volume came out in 1959.

During the mid sixties, Bond wrote for Radio and Magazines as well as for children. Boy's Own published several factual articles by him. Most of them had a nautical theme, spanned four pages, and had some bloodthirsty illustrations, as you will see from the picture showing Chinese pirates whooping it up with the decapitated heads of their victims!

In 1963 Bond did a complete change of direction when he wrote for MacDonald (George Beardmore's Publisher) an adult novel called Arena. The book was about professional wrestlers and looked at their way of life and some of their relationships. In only the second chapter, a young coloured wrestler is picked up walking home from a bout. A young white woman in a fast sports car takes him to her flat and shows him another style of wrestling. The World Champion, a huge white South African, becomes involved, to his own consternation,with a young coloured girl and another powerfully built wrestler turns out to be a child molester! Prostitution and the seamy sides of life are all here! I have in my collection an ex-library copy and, judging by the rate of borrowing dates on the inside cover, the book was very popular. It was a subject to capture the public's interest, as professional wrestling had a big following in the sixties. Bond continued writing juvenile stories and in 1961/62 his output included The Evans of the Broke Story, Chaka the Terrible and Geronimo Rides Out for Arco. 'Luck of the Legion' returned under the Max Parrish banner but to the disappointment of EAGLE fans it was only a text version of an old EAGLE strip.

To date we still don't know where Geoffrey Bond is living or even if he is still alive. Martin Aitchison told us that Bond left England for Australia but Denis Gifford mentioned that he had had some correspondence from Bond a few years ago and the address was Spanish.

One day, perhaps we shall find out.

My thanks to Colin Knight for the information and illustrations from Boy's Own. ■

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

I am grateful to Richard Sheaf for supplying me with a copy of The Independent Magazine's feature on John Worsley, which drew readers' attention to his less publicised work as a police artist. The article is too long to reproduce in full here, but I hope these sections give the flavour of the piece.

Rogues' gallery

For 25 years, a former war artist called John Worsley has drawn startlingly accurate pictures of rapists and muggers, guided by the testimony of their distraught victims. To the police he's a unique and special resource – but one that's been shamefully under-used. PETER KINGSTON met the painter of a thousand criminal faces

remarked, we have heard a lot about police pay and conditions but not a lot about how this will affect the people they are supposed to serve.

PC 49, or Archibald Berkeley-Willoughby to give him his full title, of radio and comic fame, embodied the notion of the old-fashioned copper. fair and honest to a fault. Forty years ago, in the 1954 *On the Beat with PC 49* annual he tells his young readers: "Crime Marches On and so must I, or I'll get a rocket from Sergeant Wright for Idling and Gossiping."

Would PC 49 have been at Wembley wearing a "Say No" T-shirt? No doubt he would. But would he have pondered on the irony that the very people used by the Government to help crush the trade union movement in the eighties should now be the last body of organised labour to be able to cause panic in the hearts of that same Government? Now that would be a subject for some idle gossip.

A selection from John Worsley's volumes of portraits (top). Worsley draws artist's impressions (working with a witness, left) to help the police with their enquiries

One of John Worsley's most highly publicised portraits was of the woman who snatched baby Alexander Griffiths from St Thomas's Hospital in London (far left). The abductor was instantly recognisable, and was apprehended

Ray Aspden spotted this reference to PC49 in a Guardian article about police pay and conditions on 21st August.

R.I.C.

The Case of the BLACK DIAMONDS

By Alan Stranks.

Adapted for ***EAGLE TIMES***
By Keith Howard.

The Story So Far

Gerry Burton and his wife Janet plan to rob the 8.55 night train from Edinburgh with help of Janet's father Angus and Tom. Black, the train's fireman. Archie and Joan are returning to London on the same train and unaware that Black has climbed along the top of the the speeding train, dropped into the mail van and killed the guard whilst stealing a shipment of diamonds.

Black returns to Janet in a compartment with the news .....

* * *

"You bungled it!"

Tom actually cowered away from her. "If I hadn't done him in he might have remembered seeing me in here with you," he defended himself. "Then you'd have been mixed up in it."

Hard as nails, Janet realised that she was still in the clear. And she had a keen sense of her priorities. "Where's the stuff?"

Tom held out a cloth bag. "Here," he mumbled.

Janet snatched the bag and tucked it away in her handbag. "Now, out of the window, quick," she told him as she unhooked the worn leather strap on the carriage window, "and back to the footplate."

Tom pulled himself together and lumbered across to the open window. "Okay, I've got the rope," he replied, clambering through the narrow gap out into the howling slipstream beyond. "When do I see you?"

"I'll write," she retorted, anxious to be rid of him. And then she noticed his hands. "Hey, Tom," she called after him. "Tom!"

"What is it?" he yelled back, hanging from the rope; his feet lodged precariously on the edge of the open window.

"Where's your other glove? You've only got one."

"What?" Tom was so startled that he almost lost his grip. "Oh, I must have dropped it in the .."

"Oh, you fool!" raged Janet, seething with anger and despair. "You fool!"

"See if it's in the corridor," Tom called in to her.

Pausing only to see Tom scramble safely back to the roof of the coach, Janet shut and secured the window. The blasted fool! she thought as she opened the door and stepped out into the corridor. "If he's left it in the van ...!"

Then she breathed a sigh of relief. The glove lay on the floor, grimly curled into a fist. It presented a macabre sight, like the disembodied hand in 'The Beast with Five Fingers'. But this did not register with Janet; she scooped up the object and thankfully thrust it out of sight in the pocket of her mink coat.

* * *

Euston Station resembled a cross section of an anthill as the trains disgorged their passengers into the vaulted, smoky cavern with its sooty walls and flaking girders. Suitcases were used almost as offensive weapons as the disembarking travellers battered their way through the weary throng seeping towards the ticket barrier like a turgid flood of human sludge.

Janet was not the most popular of people as she searched vainly for her ticket. "I'm afraid I must have dropped it somewhere," she said. "I-I had it on the train."

The ticket collector glanced at the impatient press of people behind her. "Sure it's not in the pocket of your coat?" he suggested.

"I'm absolutely certain."

The ticket collector raised an arm, intending to gently move her aside. "Then I'm afraid I must ask you to wait here until the other passengers-"

"But I can't wait." Janet fumbled in her handbag. "Look, here's two five pound notes. That'll cover the fare. You can keep the change."

The ticket collector stared in astonishment at the two crumpled white notes that had been thrust in his hand. "Here, wait a minute, Miss, " he protested. "I'll have to have your address."

"What? Oh, well..." Janet produced a small

card and thrust it into his hand on top of the five pound notes. "Here's my card. I've got another train to catch." Then she was off through the barrier as fast as her stiletto-heeled feet could carry her, heading towards the Underground.

At the barrier, Joan clutched Archie's arm and pointed after the disappearing woman. "Archie, that girl who went through the barrier; the one in the mink coat."

Archie peered between the bobbing heads of fellow travellers. "What about her?"

"She's dropped her glove. There it is - quick!"

Like an unleashed greyhound Archie, inspired by gallantry, darted forward, scooped up the glove and headed for the barrier. He was dimly aware of some sort of disturbance, then the barrier was closed in his face.

"Hey, wait a minute," he declared indignantly. "I want to catch that girl."

The ticket collector shook his head. "Sorry, chum, you'll have to wait. Station Master's orders."

"Stand back, please," a very officious voice called out, rising over the tide of protest from the crowd. "Back from the barriers. Will you all please get back in the train again."

Archie stared at the railway official in astonishment. "What the dickens is this all about?"

"Sorry, sir," the official firmly told him. "You'll have to do as you're asked. There's been a murder."

"Murder?" squeaked Joan who had just elbowed her way through the throng.

"Yes; on the train. You'll all have to wait until the police arrive. Please take the places you occupied. Now then, ladies and gentlemen, back to your seats. Come along ..."

* * *

"All right, old man?" said Inspector Wilson, glancing over his shoulder at his companion plodding along the train corridor behind him. "There's only one more Third Class and two First Class compartments to go."

"And not a single suspect so far, sir," was Detective Sergeant Wright's glum rejoinder.

His portly, raincoated bulk filling the width of the corridor, Wilson pressed doggedly onwards. "I'm betting whoever did this dropped off the train."

"But where?" Wright objected. "She never made less than thirty miles per hour since passing Stoney Park. The collector was all right there. A number of people have sworn they saw him just before passing that point."

Wilson was conscious of being vaguely irritated by his subordinate's pessimistic attitude. "Then maybe the killer was one of those few who got through the barrier before it was closed."

"Well, there's three more compartments," announced Wright philosophically. "That gives us three more chances."

"Let's hope it's in here," grunted Wilson, sliding open the door of the next compartment. "Now then, sir," he said to the man sitting just inside the door. "Sorry to have kept you waiting so long but -"

"No trouble at all, Inspector," replied Archie brightly.

Wilson stepped back a pace; his round face pale and his eyes haunted.

"What the? Oh, no, Wright - no!" his voice rising in hoarse desperation. "It can't be! Tell me I'm seeing things!"

But Wright's dour tones only endorsed his worst fears. "It's fortynine, I'm afraid, sir - and Miss Carr."

Wilson clapped a hand to his brow to shut out the spectacle. "Oh, my lord!" he groaned.

* * *

Gerry Burton's normally pallid face was mottled with anger. He lit his fourth cigarette in half an hour and glared out of the window of his North London flat at the sluggishly-moving, never-ending traffic heading towards Hampstead. "But what the blazes did you want to give him your visiting card for, Janet?" he demanded to know.

Janet fiddled with her cigarette case, spilling several cigarettes in her lap and down the side of the contemporary-styled settee. "I tell you I was rattled, Gerry," she defended herself. "I knew that guy was dead in the mail van, and I was carrying the swag. All I wanted to do was to get rid of the evidence."

Gerry snorted and turned away from the window. "Well you can forget about that. I fenced it this afternoon."

Greed eclipsed anxiety in Janet's eyes. "Did you get the money?"

"Sure I got it. How did you come to lose your ticket anyway?"

"Oh, No Wright - No! It can't be. Tell me I'm seeing things. "

Janet shrugged her shoulders and lit a cigarette. "I don't know. I suppose I was a bit jittery and dropped it - maybe in the carriage."

Gerry moved over to the cocktail cabinet and poured himself a Scotch.

"Well, the coppers checked that train for possible suspects," he told her. "The afternoon papers are full of it."

Janet tensed. "D'you think they'll come here?"

"Well of course they'll come here!" Gerry snapped, his pale eyes resting on her contemptuously.

"What'll I do?"

Gerry took a leisurely pull at his drink. "Tell 'em the truth. Tell 'em you went to Glasgow to visit your old man. You've nothing to hide."

But Janet was not convinced. "But what's an engine driver's daughter doing in a flat like this?"

"Well,you're married to me, ain't ya?" retorted Gerry, reaching down and tilting her chin so that he was staring her in the face. "I'm a successful gambler. The cops haven't got a thing on me. Now relax, baby. We haven't got a thing to worry about. Not a single thing."

* * *

Detective Inspector Wilson glared up from his desk chair at Archie who stood before him. "I might have known it," he growled. "Trust you to be on that train, Fortynine. You draw crime like honey draws flies."

Archie assumed a somewhat hurt expression. "I can't say I'm flattered, sir," he replied with just a slight tinge of reproach in his voice.

Detective Sergeant Wright, standing deferentially to the side of the Inspector's desk, looked sharply at Archie. "Quite sure you saw nothing unusual?"

"Quite, Sarge. The man clipped our tickets just before we reached Stoney Park then passed on towards the mail van. Have you recovered the diamonds, sir?"

Wilson managed a quirky smile. "Yes; black diamonds."

"Black, sir?"

"The nearest we found to diamonds," elaborated Wright, "were two small pieces of coal on the mail van floor."

"We've checked everybody on that train very carefully," said Wilson, "and they all appear to be above suspicion."

"Of course, we can't tell how many people passed through the barrier,"
added Wright, "but in response to our broadcast message eight of them have come forward."

"All thoroughly respectable people," endorsed Wilson in very definite tones.

"Did you find the young lady in the mink coat?" ventured Archie.

Wilson fixed him with a jaundiced eye. "What young lady?"

"There was no young lady among the eight who answered our broadcast," Wright pointed

out.

"Nevertheless, Sarge," Archie insisted, "one did pass through the barrier just before it closed. She dropped her glove. I tried to catch her. Seemed in an awful hurry."

"What was she like?" asked Wilson.

Archie's eyes took on a faraway look. "Oh, very elegant, sir. Mink coat, crocodile shoes, nylon stockings, trim ankles-"

"You didn't notice her hat, I suppose?" Wright chipped in caustically.

"No, Sarge," Archie replied innocently. "I didn't get that far."

Wilson glanced up at him sharply. "What was that,constable?"

"I-I was picking up her glove, sir," Archie replied, more than a little flustered. "My line of vision was somewhat limited," he added with a sheepish grin.

Inspector Wilson fixed him with a hard stare. "Well, this certainly wasn't the work of a woman," he grunted.

Sergeant Wright sighed and stirred himself sufficiently from his customary place at the Inspector's side to take a couple of steps around the desk, his arms folded and his eyes thoughtful. "Still, it's a pity we can't check on her," he murmured.

"Well,you can if you wish, Sarge," supplied Archie.

Wright stared at him incredulously. "Don't say this young woman gave you her address?"

"Actually no, Sarge, no. She did give it to the ticket collector at the barrier."

"Did she now!" exclaimed Wilson, nearly dropping his pipe in his lap.

"Yes, sir. She lost her ticket. I heard her say so. She gave him ten pounds and her card and said she couldn't wait."

Wilson glanced at Wright. "A tenner, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Archie explained. "Didn't wait for the change."

"We'd better check on this, Wright", decided Wilson. "You're to go down to Euston, Fortynine, locate the ticket collector and get that young woman's address."

"Oh, jolly good!" beamed Archie.

"And remember, lad," warned the Inspector, pointing his much-chewed pipe stem at Archie, "that's all we're asking you to do. It's just a routine check-up."

"Routine check-up," acknowledged Archie dutifully. "Yessir."

Detective Inspector Wilson glared up from his desk chair at Archie.

"And don't try out any of those high-falutin' themes of yours," Wright sternly cautioned him.

Archie's face was the picture of innocence. "Who - me, Sarge?" he chuckled. "You ought to know me better than that."

"We do, Fortynine, we do," sighed Inspector Wilson in heavy tones. "That's just the trouble."

* * *

Archie stepped into the hall of Joan's modest little flat. "I'm going down to Euston right now, Joan," he announced. "Like to come with me?"

"Lovely, darling," said Joan, closing the door behind him. "Oh, by the way, if you're going to visit this young lady you'd better take that glove."

"Oh, where is it?"

Joan pointed across the sitting room. "On the window sill there. Funny thing," she added in a slightly puzzled voice, "it's a man's glove, and a very expensive one at that."

A man's glove?" Archie echoed in surprise. "You're quite sure it was she who dropped it?"

"Certain," Joan replied over her shoulder as she walked into her bedroom. "I'll just get my coat."

Archie picked up the glove, kneading the soft leather appreciatively. "Ah, lovely bit of stuff. I wish I had a pair of these," he commented loudly enough for Joan to hear, hoping that the hint would register when it came to Christmas. Idly he turned back the lining. This glove is absolutely filthy inside, he thought. Anyone would think she'd been using it to heave coal with or something."

Just then Joan reappeared, buttoning up the jacket of her costume. "Aye aye, copper," she said. "Ready and waiting." Then she noticed Archie's thoughtful expression as he stared at the glove in his hand. "Now what's the matter? Why the puzzled frown?"

"Something in my mind trying to add up two and two," he murmured. "I don't know what two and which two."

Joan shot him a quizzical look as she opened the front door. "I'd leave the simple arithmetic until later," she told him, "and let's get on with the job in hand. Come on."

* * *

The air was thick with cigarette smoke in the dingy public bar and the place was crowded with a dubious cross-section of the usual regulars. But two men who sat at a corner table certainly did not number among the usual drinkers in that back street Euston pub.

Tom Black glared balefully at his companion who was just downing his fourth scotch. "Listen, Angus, ye drunken sot!" he hissed. "Ye'll never be able to stand on that footplate tonight."

Old Angus waved him away, flourishing his glass. "Ye'll not see the day I canna do ma job," he slurred, then tossing back what had not spilt out of his glass, he lapsed into drunken song.

Tom grabbed him by his shoulder and shook him angrily. "Shut up, ye old fool! Shut up! If you're seen in that state they'll never let ye' take the train back!"

With a slack-mouthed and virtually toothless grin, Angus brushed his hand aside. "We've got three hours yet, Tom, before we're due on the job," he mumbled.

"And it'll take you that long to get sober."

Angus stared at the empty glass in his hand and it seemed that his eyes, in some subtle way, had hardened as they focused on it. "I'm not going back until I get ma money; the five thousand quid," he declared in a voice, surprisingly strong considering his state of inebriation. "I'm going around to collect ma money."

Tom's craggy face was a mask of amazement. "Going where?"

"To Newhampton Mansions, Camden Square." Angus spoke each word slowly and deliberately. "That's where Janet lives, my boy."

Tom stared at him in disbelief. "Janet? But you said you didn't even know where she lives. She wouldn't even give me her address - said it was too risky."

Angus placed a finger alongside his nose and winked. "Aye - too risky for her."

"What d'you mean?"

Angus leaned across the table and Tom had to force himself not to recoil from the gusts of spirits on his breath. "The night she came to see me in Glasgee I sent her out of the room to get some water to drink with ma whiskey."

Tom's voice was scornful. "Water - you?"

"I didna' drink it," sniggered Angus. "I only wanted a chance to go through her bag."

Tom growled. "You would you old-"

"And I found a letter in it, Tom, ma boy; a letter which means a lot to me - and to you, too."

Tom Black became aware of something stirring deep in his thoughts. Some ominous thing creating half-formed images and suspicions that he had only known in a bad dream. "C'mon, out with it, man!" he snapped. "What are you talking about?"

For reply, Angus fished in his jacket pocket and produced a sheet of crumpled notepaper. "The address," he read aloud. "'Janet, darling,'" He grimaced and spat, then continued reading aloud. "'everything's fixed for the tenth. I've booked a cabin on A Deck on the 'Southern Cross'. She sails next Saturday. I'm driving up to Glasgow and hope to arrive at the hotel tomorrow afternoon. If those suckers won't do the job for five thousand offer them more. It doesn't matter because we won't be paying them anyway.'"

Tom's face was hideous in its deathly pallor.

Angus squinted across the table at the ashen-faced young giant, seeming to enjoy in some perverse way, his companion's misery. "You want your money, too, don't ye, Tom?" he added in a wheedling voice.

"I want more than money now," Tom replied hoarsely.

Angus spat contemptuously. "There's no woman five thousand quid wouldna' make ye forget. Come on Tom," he gently urged, standing up unsteadily and placing a hand on Tom's shoulder. "We've got a wee debt to collect at 27 Newhampton Mansions.

Tom stood up and shook the other's hand away. "You mean I've got a debt to pay, and you're not coming with me!"

Angus grabbed his arm; his watery eyes glittering. "Try and stop me - that's all!" he snapped.

Tom Black gave way to his rage. "All right," he snarled. "Ye asked for it." His arm swung with the force of a steam piston; the powerful rock that was his fist smashing into Angus's leering face. Angus crashed backwards into his chair, already senseless, his one remaining tooth flying through the air like a bullet.

"What? Show me that!"

He raged, snatching the letter and staring numbly at the contents. "'If there's any trouble, we should worry,'" he read aloud. "'We'll be on the way to...to Australia and they'll have to carry the can. Your loving husband, Gerry.'"

He crumpled the damning letter in his massive fist and stared wild-eyed at Angus. "It's not true! It can't be true!" All at once he lunged across the table and, seizing Angus by his jacket, shook him like a rat. "You're foolin' me! You didn't find this in her bag. I say ye didn't!"

Tom Black's raging outburst had sobered up Angus miraculously. "Let go ma collar, ye fool, and stop shouting!" he snarled in fear more than anger. "Aye, I found it in her bag all right!"

Tom released his hold and slumped back in his chair. A few people nearby glanced at him, expecting a fight, but turned away disappointed and disinterested now that things seemed to have calmed down. But they had not calmed down for Tom Black. Emotions so violent as to be unnameable seethed and boiled in his mind. "Why didna' you tell me this?" he demanded. "I gone and killed a man for her! Why didna' you tell me this before I-?"

"Because you wouldna' gone through wi' it, and I wanted the money."

"You want your money, too, don't you ye Tom", he added.

The other occupants of the bar shouted in alarm, uncertain what to do. Tom found himself the centre of unwanted attention. "The old swine!" he blustered. "He tried to pinch my wallet." He glared at the ring of hostile faces surrounding him. "D'you want to make anything of it, eh?" he challenged.

Apparently no one did, but the barman, a burly fellow who was no stranger to pub brawls, appeared at Tom's elbow. "You'd better get out of here," he warned. "We don't want no trouble."

Tom glared down at the man. He knew that with his own natural strength he could destroy the man, but he had other fish to fry. "Don't worry," he retorted as he abruptly turned away and headed for the door. "I'm away."

And in his mind a signpost blazed in letters of crimson fire which read, '27 Newhampton Mansions'...

* * *

To be continued .....

THE EPSOM DAN DARE STUDIOS

THE EPSOM DAN DARE STUDIOS: A SERIES OF 'BEHIND THE SCENES' ARTICLES

SATURDAY REVIEW

by Adrian Perkins

PART 7D

FILMING AT BAYFORD LODGE - THE SEVENTIES AND EIGHTIES(2)

The final visit to the Epsom studios was by the BBC cameras in December 1985 filming a segment of the arts programme, 'Saturday Review'.

This segment was constructed by writer-presenter Russell Davies to pay a sincere tribute to a well-remembered artist, who had died earlier that year.

A limited amount of media interest had also been generated by the publication of the artist's biography during the Autumn of 1985.

The film incorporated many frames from the cartoon strip, using actors to speak the speech balloons. Many examples of studio photographs fading into the published frames were also shown.

The resulting ten-minute film, narrated by Russell Davies, communicated the infectious enthusiasm that Frank Hampson had put into the Dan Dare cartoon strip, with his well-organised efficient approach to the scripting and drawing of it. Designed to take us briefly through the process of finding out, the film becomes a very good record of what was a really professional activity and thought.

NARRATOR RUSSELL DAVIES

The multi-facet nature of the artwork and its accompanying text was hinted at as being partly responsible for the appeal of this fairly timeless juvenile-SF strip. Had it been more straightforward this strip would have been forgotten years ago. It is entirely appropriate that Dare's creator is seen as an enigma wrapped in a mystery.

The programme was broadcast on BBC2 on the evening of the 21st December, 1985.

Once more in this series I employ a mixture of transcript dialogue and illustrations from the film to convey the message from another medium...

NARRATOR - Dan Dare, pilot of a future which has almost arrived. We tonight remember his creator, Frank Hampson, who would have been 67 today.

FRANK HAMPSON - I saw myself as Digby and Dan was the man I thought I ought to be but could never quite make. *(Excerpt from the 1975 BBC Nationwide film).*

NARRATOR - We commemorate Frank Hampson, who died this year. A man for whose work some of us in the Fifties waited desperately week-by-week and Christmas-by-Christmas. It was in the Eagle comic and its Annuals. Hampson created Dan Dare, Pilot of the Future, and unlike so many imagined futures it does not yet look old-fashioned. As a new biography 'The Man Who Drew Tomorrow' tells, Hampson lost control of his creation in 1961 and thereafter he did not prosper. The Star Wars of thirty years ago were fought in Dan Dare comic strip. From this small studio in Epsom came the stories that thrilled three quarters of a million readers every week. There was concern in the country at the importation of American horror comics and Dan was the antidote; an upright adventurer depicted in unprecedented full colour with his characterful friends and unforgettable enemies. They were big news:-

'While the possibilities of space travel beyond the Moon remain a subject of scientific controversy, writers and artists give free rein to their imagination with stories that nevertheless bear the stamp of authenticity. And here are some of the ways that the artist Frank Hampson captures the realistic atmospheres in his famous "Dan Dare" strip. In case you don't recognise this space monster - it's a Treen, from the planet Venus, alias eight-year-old Peter Hampson - just one of the artist's family who help out. Another is his father, better known to Dan Dare fans as Sir Hubert Guest, Controller of the Interplanet Space Fleet. Artist Hampson has to pay great attention to detail, and his models and reference library are invaluable to him. For his readers are critical, and the slightest error in rank and insignia are pounced upon by thousands of young space fiction "experts". Inspired by these behind-the-scenes ideas, the strip has been running for six years...and has now become part of the strange little world of -- Frank Hampson.' *(Dialogue taken from the 1956 Pathe Pictorial film)*

KEITH WATSON - Frank would prepare a very detailed visual or rough, which some people would say was good enough to be printed as it was - though he wouldn't have agreed with that. Then we would go away and photographs would be taken in as near to the positions Frank had drawn as possible, though sometimes it didn't seem anatomically possible to get into these positions and especially to hold them for long periods of time, especially if it was a fight scene. And then these photographs were used basing it on Frank's rough drawing, taking the best out of that and then using the photographs to get the detail of light and shadow on faces and on folds - a result and a feeling of realism, a convincing result was obtained which you could not get from just drawing from your head.

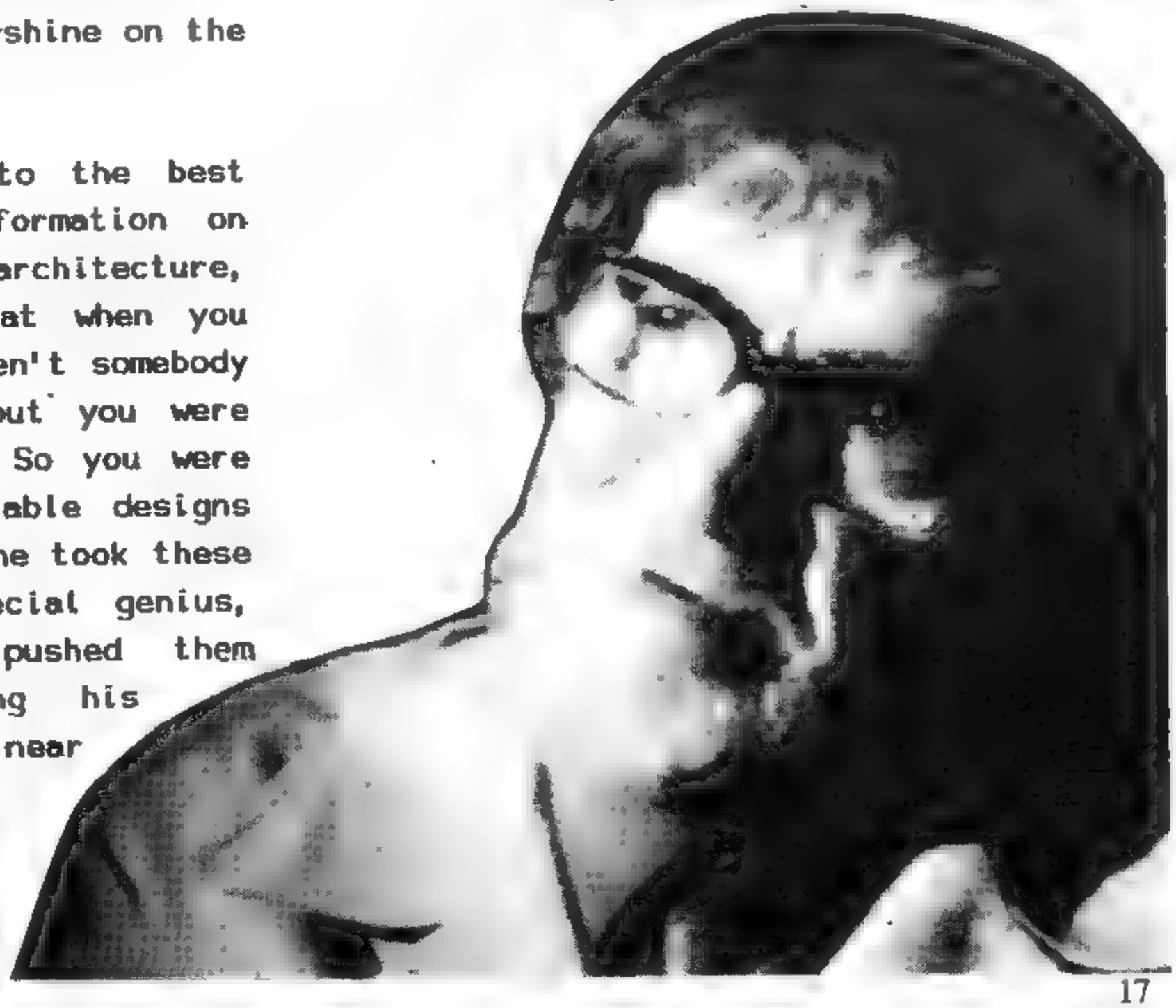
GRETA EDWARDS - Well, I was Professor Peabody; the model for Professor Peabody. A lot of it was pure imagination but a lot of it came from ordinary odds and ends. He would say, go to Woolworths and see what you can find in the way of interesting shapes, like a soup ladle from which he would take his shine on a dome - he would study it and draw it until he got absolutely the shine or whatever he wanted for the shine on the dome.

KEITH WATSON - He went to the best reference sources for information on astronautics, engineering, architecture, fashion, furniture, so that when you looked at Dan Dare you weren't somebody looking at Frank's mind but you were looking through his eyes. So you were looking at the best available designs that were going then, and he took these and, adopting his own special genius, breathed on them and pushed them forward, thereby creating his own special world of the near future which was really solid. It didn't look like a drawing, it looked as though he had got into a time machine and been there and sketched it and brought it back with him.

NARRATOR - Hampson's world was as scrupulous in its morality as in its realism. The story had begun as Lex Christian, and Christian values survived in the ideal of a world ruled by a harmonious United Nations. World leaders were black in this de-humbugged future, and newsreaders were female.

KEITH WATSON - Professor Peabody... Professor Peabody...I fell in love with Professor Peabody as a boy...as a reader you see. And Sir Hubert. They were both real people and this came over in the strip and the reader believed they were real. They couldn't have been drawn from an artist's head. Practically every pore in Sir Hubert's skin was portrayed in a really big closeup: it was obviously someone who lived and breathed.

NARRATOR - Frank Hampson's world fell to pieces in 1961. The committee men of the publishing world moved in, and Hampson was suddenly aware that the copyright was no longer his. Whilst others made a million, Hampson was left with nothing.



FRANK HAMPSON ON CAMERA - NATIONWIDE FILM 1975

MID-EIGHTIES SCHOOLBOY SIZES UP THE EAGLE SEATED AT FRANK'S DESK: WHILST THE COLONEL KEEPS HIS EYES ON...

FRANK HAMPSON - Oh well, I was very upset with the whole series of events that led to the paper's troubles. Oh, I tried to commit suicide; I had a nervous breakdown; I had a dreadful year afterwards. But I got over it all right, and had to learn to draw again, with the help of my wife of course. Dan was a very real person in this house; we spoke of him familiarly as if he was one of the family. This place was totally dedicated to turning out the strip; that was its sole function; it was what we lived for, what we breathed for. *(An edited excerpt from the 1975 Nationwide film)*

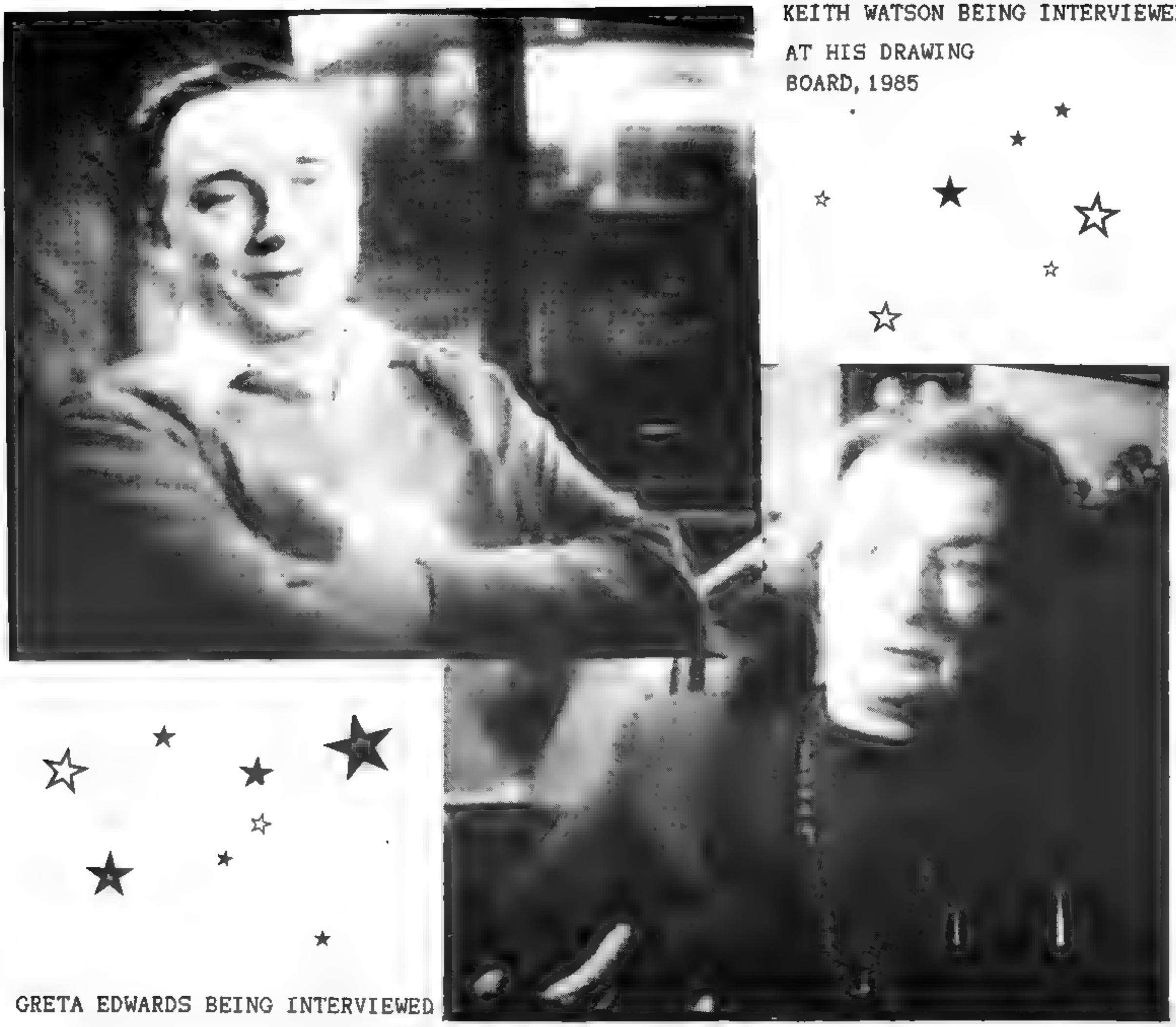
oooOOOooo

NARRATOR *(in a closing aside)* Hope they will publish them all in book form right away.

-- PATRICK HAWKEY BEGAN PUBLISHING HIS BOOKS OF FACSIMILE DAN DARE PAGES JUST 20 MONTHS LATER --

...THE MEKON

CLOSEUP OF THE LORD OF NORTH VENUS



KEITH WATSON BEING INTERVIEWED AT HIS DRAWING BOARD, 1985

GRETA EDWARDS BEING INTERVIEWED

Dear *EAGLE TIMES....*

Charles Evans-Gunther asks whether it is "completely silly to discuss the genealogy of fictional characters". Not necessarily. Not, at least, when the character is as interesting as Dan Dare and the genealogist as scholarly as Charles. This was a fascinating article, as easy to read as it must have been exhausting to write.

Earlier attempts at family trees were witty and ingenious, but lacked Charles'° stringent attention to published sources. There is room for both approaches, but they should be clearly differentiated. Charles does not mention my favourite "ingenious tree" - Steve Winders' in Eagler 5. Steve recruited Lex Christian, Ziggy Rodann from 2000AD, and relatives of both Flamer Spry and Peter Rock to help trace the line from Dan to his new *EAGLE* descendant. If one is going to take the ingenious route it is best to go the whole hog and incorporate amusing links.

What a privilege to witness the Dare/Peabody nuptials!. Loved the Venusian flora, telescreen hymn-board and ISF stained glass, but worried about the black beard next to the startled Mercurian. Is he about to "borrow" a chunk of fay-saw for his collection? Rather disappointing that a tactful veil was drawn over the stag party. Still, I expect it was just a few rousing choruses of "Spaceman's Shanty", helped along by the hystis (6/48), and punctuated with a little discreet tuition from Major Lafayette (when you're marrying a biologist you need all the help you can get).

Best wishes, SIMON GARRETT (Bath)

Thank you for another excellent issue of E.T. Good to see that Frank Bellamy's work is going to be featured in depth. I am sure that Terry Doyle will do full justice to the [redacted]

Did anyone catch John Worsley on the John Dunn show a little while ago, talking about his war reminiscences. No mention of P.C.49 or the *EAGLE*, only a fleeting reference to work on children's papers.

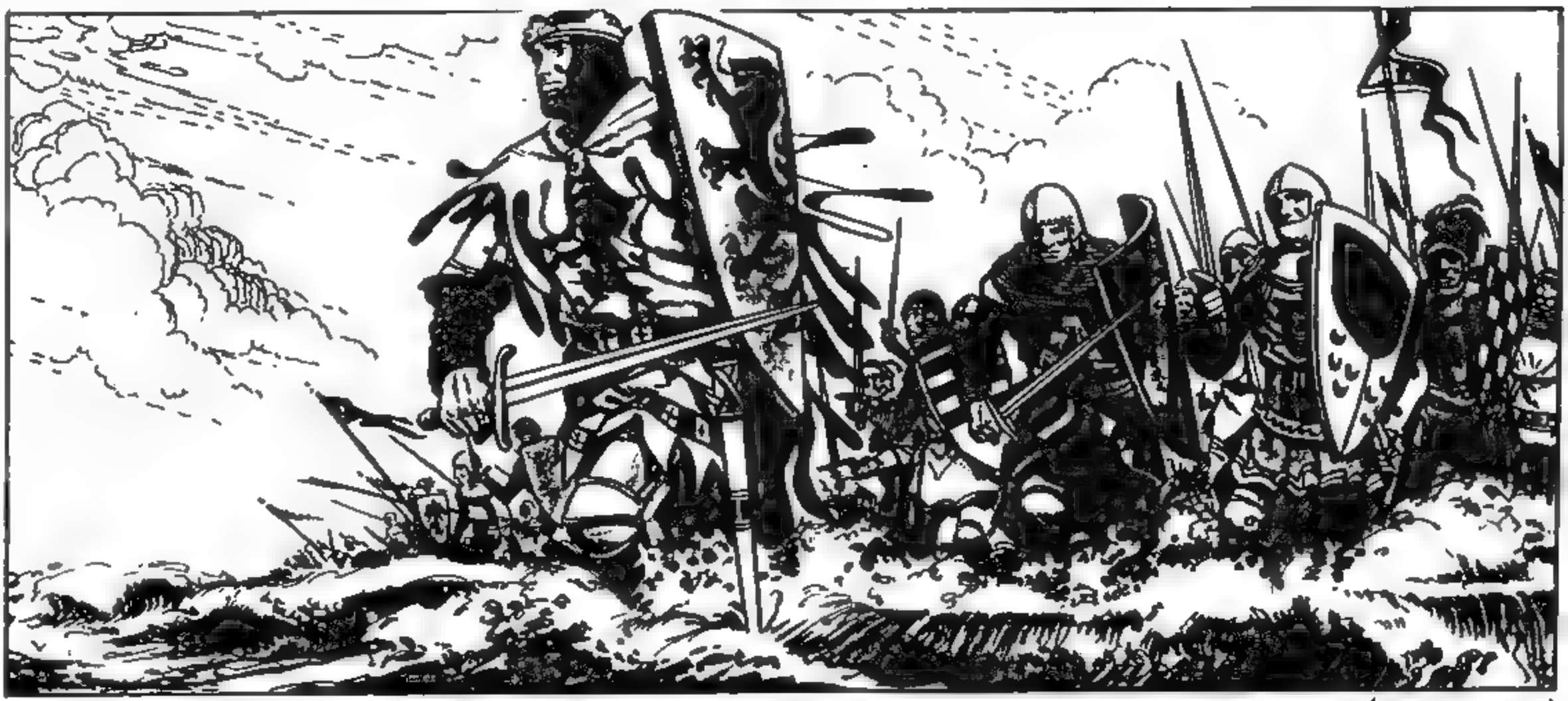
I finally got my copy of 'Reign of the Robots/The Ship that Lived', direct from Hawk Books. After looking in my local branch of Smith's almost every week for nearly a year, I had almost given up hope of it ever coming out. Then I saw an amusing advert in the Oldie magazine. It read - 'Dan Dare and Mekon T-shirts, what the well dressed oldie is wearing this summer. New volume 'Reign of the Robots' also just published.' No mention in this volume of the follow-up story - 'The Phantom Fleet'. Let's hope this is not finally "the end of the line, shipmates". The complete saga does deserve to be reprinted. Although I can envisage some technical problems with a few of the later stories.

Best wishes, COLIN KNIGHT (Basingstoke)

Frank Bellamy

AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE

The Swift strips



KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS — Swift (1955-56)

AFTER THE TWO STRIPS FOR ODHAMS PRESS, YOU STARTED WORK FOR "SWIFT", WHICH WAS PUBLISHED BY HULTON PRESS . . .

FB: I'd always had a feeling I'd like to get in on the EAGLE/SWIFT/GIRL group of comics.

THESE PAPERS WERE IN COMPETITION WITH EACH OTHER FOR ARTISTS AND WRITERS AT THAT TIME, WEREN'T THEY?

FB: Oh, yes. So, when it became a convenient moment to drop from Odhams, as the Hulton Press people had been making enquiries about me, I moved straight on to SWIFT, in 1954. The first complete strip I drew for SWIFT was "Swiss Family Robinson", a one-page-a-week serial. For the next two years I illustrated Clifford Makins' stories of "King Arthur" and "Robin Hood". Clifford Makins, by the way, ended up as the editor of EAGLE.

IN THOSE DAYS, THE STRIPS YOU WERE ON HAD LIBRETTO UNDERNEATH EACH FRAME, SO YOU MUST HAVE HAD LITTLE CONTINUITY FROM FRAME TO FRAME . . . ALMOST ACTING PURELY AS AN ILLUSTRATOR.

FB: I did try to get as much continuity in as possible. Whereas a lot of my later strips have been separate frames, all totally disconnected . . . "Churchill" was an example of that.

WHEN IT CAME TO CONTINUITY, A BREAKDOWN OF ACTION, DID YOU FIND THIS VERY HARD TO DO, OR DID IT COME NATURALLY FROM THE START?

FB: Well, I must confess, it seemed to come naturally to me because, over tne years, even back to the SWIFT days, when it was a hard format of probably nine frames per page with text at the bottom of each nicely squared-up frame, I always wanted to enlarge upon that format. I didn't like the normal acceptable form of comic-strip work, frame after frame, bank after bank . . . like so many daily newspaper strips stuck together to make up a page.

THE FRANK BELLAMY INTERVIEW — *Fantasy Advertiser (1973)*

Whereas the "Monty Carstairs" strip had allowed Frank Bellamy to experiment with and develop the 'look' of his finished pages of artwork through imaginative composition, the artist's assignments for SWIFT presented him with a restricted format of banks of squared-up frames, with text captions underneath - all carefully balanced to give a regimented appearance to each finished page.

It is thought that Bellamy was called upon to 'ghost' a number of episodes on the "Fleet Family" strip, though his first full-time assignment was the one-page-a-week serial adaptation of "The Swiss Family Robinson" that appeared from 9 October 1954 through to 16 July 1955. Clifford Makins, later to become Editor of EAGLE, provided the scripts for Bellamy's SWIFT stories.

The "Fleet Family" and "Swiss Family Robinson" strips see Bellamy illustrating in a 'simplified' style, no doubt in line with the comic's aim to appeal to a younger audience, and of his work for SWIFT the "King Arthur" and "Robin Hood" serials are certainly the most noteworthy.

The Fleet family are flying to Australia when a water-spout hits their plane. They land on a desert island and meet a ship-wrecked man – Mr Jago. The Fleet children find the cargo of Mr Jago's lost ship in a cave. Some pearl-fishers are after the treasure but they are trapped in a cave. The Fleets and Mr Jago are mending the plane.

But one of the pearl-fishers has escaped from the cave.

One by one he began to haul the others from the underwater tunnel.

Last of all came the Captain. Then they wondered what to do next.

The Captain decided they should hide in Mr Jago's cave until it grew dark.

The boys made the roof of the storehouse watertight.

Soon everyone was busy packing in the stores.

Then they dashed for shelter as the rain poured down.

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON — Swift (1954-55)

Interestingly, the American strip-artist Hal Foster, who had impressed the young Frank Bellamy with his full-page newspaper serials of TARZAN (featuring the beloved jungle settings so close to Bellamy's heart), went on, in 1937, to create the long-running adventure serial, PRINCE VALIANT - IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR. Bellamy would almost certainly have been aware of Foster's PRINCE VALIANT work, though not necessarily to the extent of this proving a major influence on his work for "King Arthur and His Knights"; Bellamy had developed his own distinctive brand of illustration and was far too individualistic for his draughtsmanship to be likened to another artist. However, both strips respectively remain probably the two finest examples of the 'Arthurian' legend ever to see print in pictorial format.

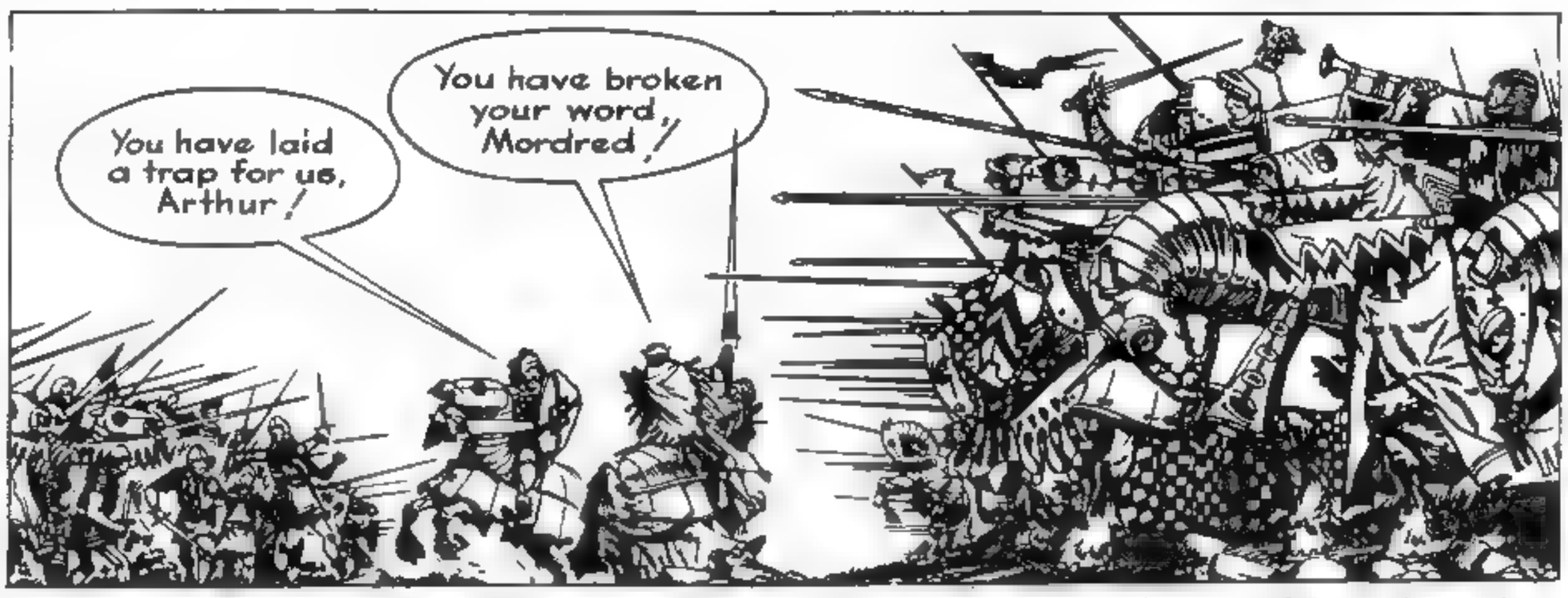
Despite the restrictive format and younger target audience imposed upon him, Bellamy clearly rose above such obstacles and, with the advent of the "King Arthur" strip, proceeded to produce consistently fine pages of memorable artwork, as the examples included in this article should clearly display. Pages full of powerful imagery, capturing to perfection the splendour and pageantry associated with the Arthurian legend. "King Arthur and His Knights" appeared in SWIFT from 30 July 1955 through to 5 May 1956.

LEFT & BELOW

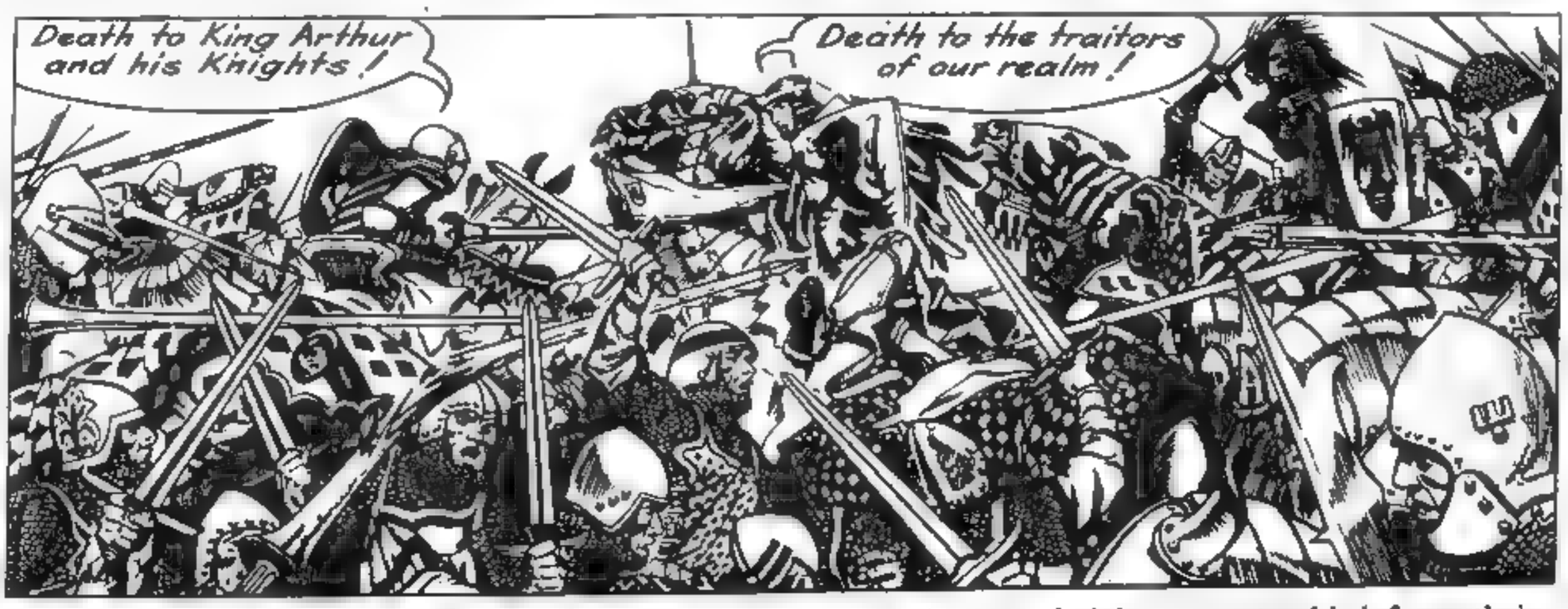
MASTHEADS FOR PROBABLY THE TWO FINEST 'ARTHURIAN' STRIPS EVER TO SEE PRINT

To most Bellamy enthusiasts, the artist's best works are usually considered to be those he produced for EAGLE. Although the SWIFT strips were illustrated in black and white, with the use of ink-wash for tonal effect, try to visualise how these strips <u>might</u> have looked had Bellamy been allowed to work with the coloured inks that so magically transformed his EAGLE serials to a more memorable status . . .

TERRY DOYLE



Both King Arthur and Sir Mordred were surprised by Sir Kay's shout of alarm, but before they knew what was happening the trumpets of war had sounded and the air was filled with cries. Then they accused one another of treachery, but neither of them knew the cause of the upset.



The battle broke in all its fury. King Arthur's knights swept to the attack to be met by a great force of Mordred's knights. In the bitter clash that followed, many knights were tumbled from their horses by the thrusting lances. Now the fateful battle had begun! Where is Lancelot? *More next week.*

Recommended Reading

Extracts from THE FRANK BELLAMY INTERVIEW appear courtesy of Dez Skinn. Our thanks to him. Readers interested in obtaining copies of the full reprinted version, in WARRIOR No 22, should send a cheque for £1.50 (including postage and packing), payable to 'Quality Communications', to:

COMICS INTERNATIONAL, 8 Trinity Road, London, N2 8JJ

Some time later, the funeral of King Arthur passed through the castle gates. The fields on either side, and the battlements above, were crowded with loyal soldiers. The vast throng was silent; the only sounds were the jingle of harness and the horses' muffled hooves. The King was back in his castle.

Inside the courtyard, the King's old counsellor, Merlin, who had been released from his dungeon, ran forward to greet Sir Lancelot with tears of joy!

Old Merlin spoke with great feeling and begged Sir Lancelot to assemble the Knights of the Round Table so that the country might be united again.

Knights of the Round Table! King Arthur is dead! Let us honour his memory by pledging our lives to peace and goodwill and all the noble things of life!
And let us honour Sir Lancelot, most true and faithful of knights who will end the strife in our troubled kingdom!
THE END

In the hall of Camelot Castle, King Arthur's Knights gathered once more before the Round Table. Lancelot stood on one side of the vacant chair, and Merlin on the other. And so, in a most solemn scene, these knights swore to keep peace in the country, as the great reign of King Arthur came to an end.

ABOVE

Bellamy's final "King Arthur" page, from SWIFT dated 5 May 1956. Particularly memorable is frame one's funeral procession, returning the King to his castle.

Continued next issue...

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

Television's 'Zoo Man' dies at 83

GEORGE Cansdale, known to thousands in the 1950s as television's "Zoo Man", has died at his Great Chesterford home, aged 83.

A memorial service will be held at 2.30pm on Tuesday at the village church.

Mr Cansdale, who was superintendent of London Zoo from 1948 to 1953, was responsible for bringing the world of zoology to television.

During the Fifties and Sixties he hosted numerous animal programmes and was a frequent guest on *Blue Peter*, usually accompanied by a python or a chimpanzee clinging to his neck.

Born in Brentwood, Essex; Mr Cansdale read forestry at Oxford before entering the Colonial Forest Service.

Before he was 25 he was in charge of more than 5,000 square miles on the Gold Coast of Africa, preserving and regenerating forests.

Mr Cansdale became interested in water filtration after being asked to design a marine zoo at Skegness.

He needed unlimited clean sea water for the sea lions and seals, but was told by engineers that this was impossible.

"In fact," he told the *News* several years ago, "it was very successful and the zoo was soon selling clean sea water to other users by the tanker load."

Mr Cansdale, whose wife Sheila died in March last year, wrote several books and was a regular contributor to publications such as *The Field* and *Zoo Life*.

Cambridge Evening News, Friday, August 27, 1993

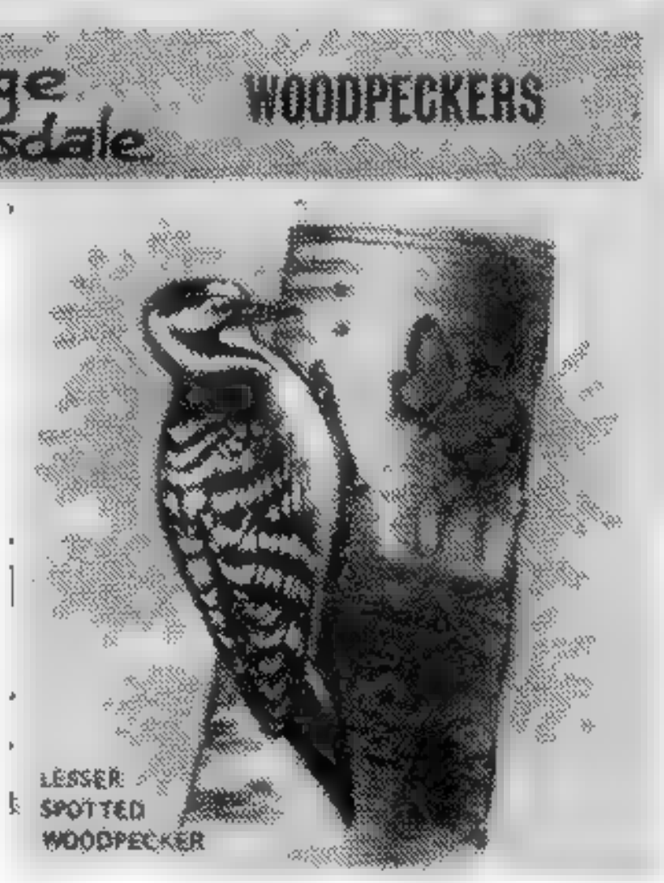
George Cansdale

THE GUARDIAN
Thursday August 26 1993

R.I.C.

Several people picked up on the death of George Cansdale, the animal expert who wrote nature notes for "Eagle" for many years. Adrian Perkins found an obituary in his local Cambridge paper, whilst Ray Aspden sent in the Guardian's obituary and Geoff Provins sent one from the Independent.

None of these mentioned George's "Eagle" connection, concentrating instead on his time at London Zoo and his "Blue Peter" career.



The man from the Zoo

Obituary

George Cansdale

GEORGE CANSDALE, the superintendent of London Zoo who became one of television's earliest stars in the fifties, has died aged 83. He was one of the first casualties of the war between the purist zoologists and the media exponents of London Zoo.

An animal expert of impressive pedigree — he spent 14 years in the colonial forest service of the British Gold Coast (now Ghana), dealing with snakes, lizards, and other dangerous creatures — Cansdale became the first of the popularisers of zoos with his one-man television programmes, only to be abruptly sacked from his job at London Zoo for "economy reasons".

Cansdale's friends believed that when he was kicked out of Regent's Park in 1953, his job abolished and split up between separate departments, it was because the more academic experts and officials of the Zoological Society resented the success of his TV programmes, in which he was seen playing with and cuddling all sorts of animals, including a special favourite, Susan the monkey.

The programmes were worth millions in terms of publicity to the zoo. But at that time the purists of the Zoological Society were [redacted] unassailable — indeed, they remained so until the financial crises of the 1970s and 1980s gave the popularisers more of a lever. Cansdale was the first casualty of this grudging attitude towards those who toyed with the media, but he was by no means the last.

His weekly column on animals in the Daily Herald, Meet My Friends, caused further irritation, not only because it gave him even more personal publicity, but because the now long-defunct Herald was a popular paper and a Labour one to boot.

To some, Cansdale was London Zoo. His large burly frame, his military short back and sides haircut, his neatly trimmed, almost invisible moustache, made him look like a cross between a slightly mad boffin and a regimental sergeant major, the sort of authority figure with whom children as well as adults then easily related.

Cansdale was born in Paignton, Devon, went to Brentwood School and St Edmund Hall, Oxford, and married Margaret Williamson, daughter of an Indian Forest Service official.

While in the colonial forest service between 1934 to 1948, he discovered three new species, including a flying squirrel, and then came to London to take up the superintendent's job at London Zoo.

George Cansdale: one of the first to popularise zoos with his one-man television shows

In the five years he was there he brought his innovative cast of mind (he later invented a filtration unit to purify water, a device of special use in the Third World and gained the IBM Award for Sustainable Development) to bear on the presentation and care of animals.

He virtually lived over the shop — in fact in a Zoological Society house just over the road from the zoo — with his wife and two sons. When he left it on six months' notice, he devoted himself to his writing — he was responsible for nine books on animals and zoos — the problems of the Third World and his hobbies, photography and sailing.

[redacted]

George Soper Cansdale born November 29, 1909, died August 24, 1993

TRACTION ENGINES? "GIVE 'EM MOTOR BIKES!"

by Geoffrey Wheeler

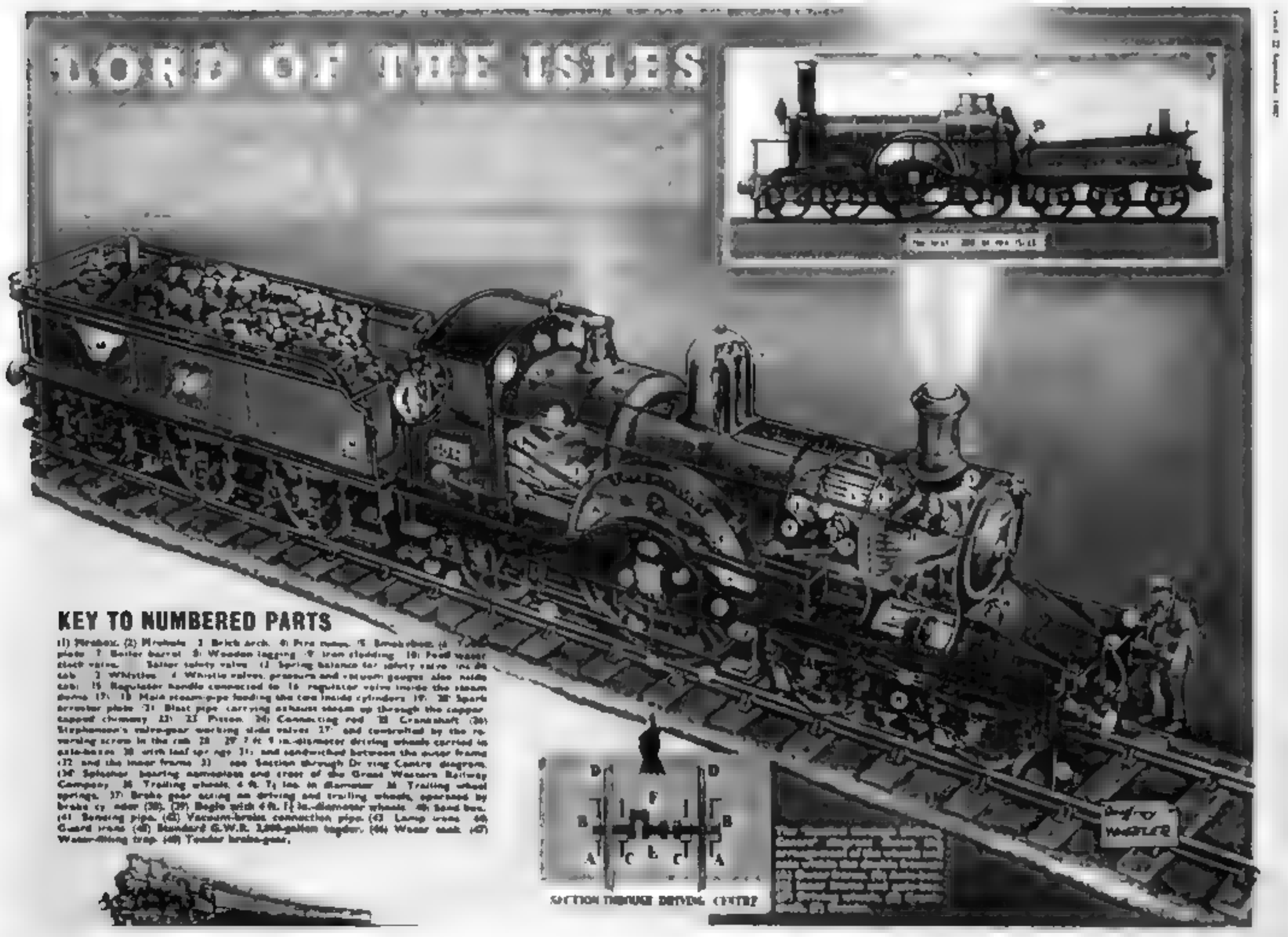
When *EAGLE* made its debut I was away in the Navy, and it took me a long time to settle down after my service ended when I managed to find the niche I was looking for in Technical Publications as an illustrator. In the studio where I worked *EAGLE* was compulsive viewing every week, and a copy would be passed around every Wednesday to be browsed through by each of us in turn as we beavered away at our drawing boards - with particular interest in the centre-spread feature.

I decided that I would surprise everyone by getting involved in *EAGLE* and, without saying anything to anyone in the studio, I determined to force my way into its pages. To do this I sat down in the foyer at 166 Fleet Street with my folio under my arm, confronted by a stern uniformed doorman, and refused to budge until I had met one of the editorial staff of *EAGLE*. I flatly refused to go away. Eventually he conceded, rang upstairs, and I was ushered into the inner sanctum where I met Charles Pocklington, the art editor, and Derek Lord, who was one of the editors at the time.

The atmosphere there was one of an almost unruly schoolroom; everyone was as enthusiastic as a schoolboy. If ink pellets had been flying around it would never have surprised me! The editors liked the sample of artwork I had brought with me - a showman's traction engine - and they signed me up there and then on the spot.

I came away loaded down with cartons of coloured Indian inks and water colours which they insisted on my using as these were all the colours which lent themselves best to the infra-red process used by Bemrose, their printers, and which gave the beautiful results in the pages of *EAGLE* for which it was renoumed. There was no doubt about it, *EAGLE* was quality, both in its contents and the way it was presented. I still get asked if I knew Dan Dare!

My planned surprise at the studio didn't quite come off, however, as I was sent out on a contract job so I wasn't in the studio that December morning in 1961 when my first *EAGLE* contribution appeared. I went freelance soon after this, with *EAGLE* as one of my main bread-and-butter lines.



Those first illustrations I did were to the long format for the centre pages. What I didn't know at the time was that IPC Magazines were waiting to pounce on *EAGLE*, one result being that the 'cutaway' now appeared on the back page, then later went inside to appear in black and white, as it was no longer considered to be the major feature it had been in the original *EAGLE*. To me, it was obvious that the new management hadn't the same approach or the boyish enthusiasm as the original team had shown under Marcus Morris.

I must say, though, that I enjoyed working in black and white but we all had to take a cut in pay; a coloured page fee was 40 guineas but now we were down to 35! Mind you, it was easier to cart the artwork around London on the Underground in the page-size format as opposed to the long, narrow artwork, for which I had to make a special folio out of hardboard.

For a time, only Leslie Ashwell Wood and I were submitting work, turn and turn about, which meant I was having to research my subject, produce the artwork as well as typing the text (we were responsible for the complete feature - no plot writers for us!) all within a fortnight, which included delivery to the *EAGLE* offices - exhausted! The pace at which we worked! Those deadlines!

Bob Bartholomew, the editor under IPC, used to despair of my presenting steam engines and tell me that youngsters weren't interested. "Motor bikes - given 'em motor bikes - that's what they want!" I used to try to convince him that steam rallying (as well as interest in old railway engines) was the up-and-coming thing, but he would have none of it. Yet I think I was right.

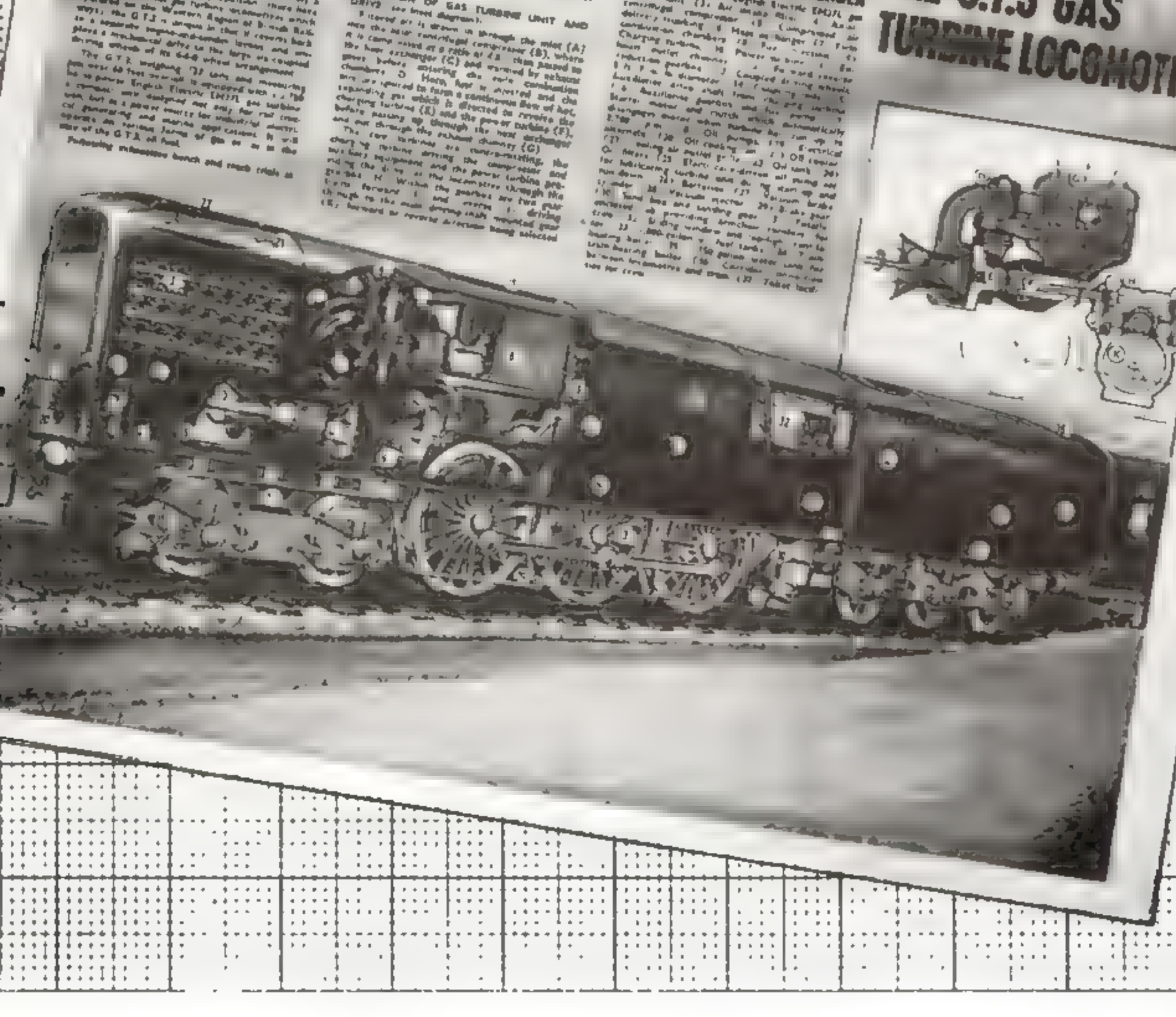
Although I enjoyed steam subjects most of all, I covered a myriad of subjects, ranging from go-karts to space travel. I was on the mailing list of NASA and would get 'press kits' on space subjects direct from Cape Canaveral - which didn't please my little post lady, as the Americans never do things by half measures.

They were good days: interesting because of the people I would meet, added to which I had a young family at the time, whom I could involve, which added to the enjoyment. However by 1966 it became obvious that *EAGLE* was no longer enjoying the same popularity it had in the Hulton days. I was doing a lot of work for industry (it paid better) and by the time *EAGLE* finally closed its doors I was keeping my hand in by drawing a once-a-year cutaway illustration for the BBC's Blue Peter Annual. Nice times these,

Geoffrey Wheeler.

AN EAGLE cutaway DRAWING

THE G.T.3 GAS TURBINE LOCOMOTIVE



as I was meeting the Blue Peter team and struck up an easy friendship with John Noakes. Like me, he had been summoned by editor Biddy Baxer to attend her presence - and when Biddy summoned you went!

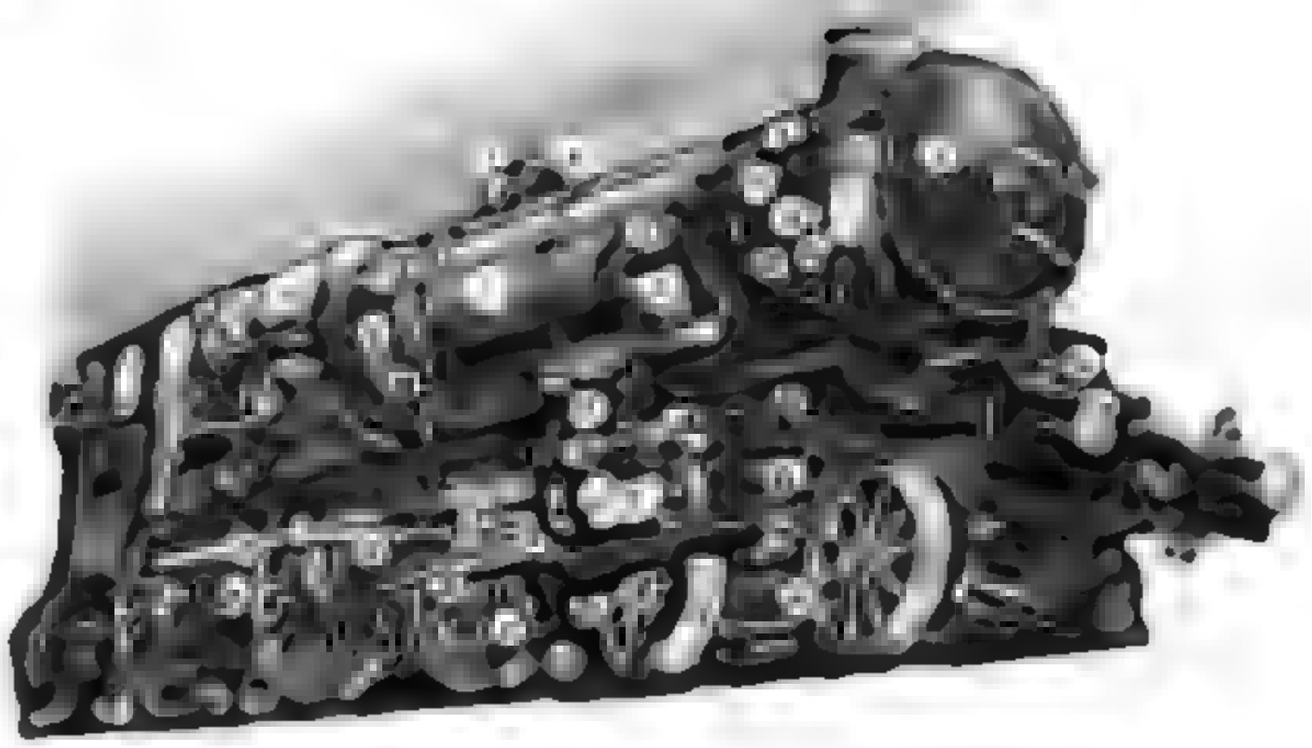
Looking back, I feel I was a bit of an interloper, coming on the scene as I did at the tail end of the real *EAGLE*. Still, life has been full of nice little stories associated with the magazine, like the one about the man who came up to me at the big annual steam rally in Dorset and asked me if he could take my photo for his son. He told me how his lad had grown up with an ambition to "draw like Geoff Wheeler in the *EAGLE*", and who had now achieved his ambition and had become technical illustrator working in Scandinavia.

Such moments are rare and are to be cherished.

Nowadays I still write and draw for the occasional magazine, mostly to do with the steam preservation scene; I actually finished up owning my own traction engine. Recently, some traction engine designs in colour, which I did many years ago, have reappeared on limited edition BT phonecards. A nice little bonus, that.

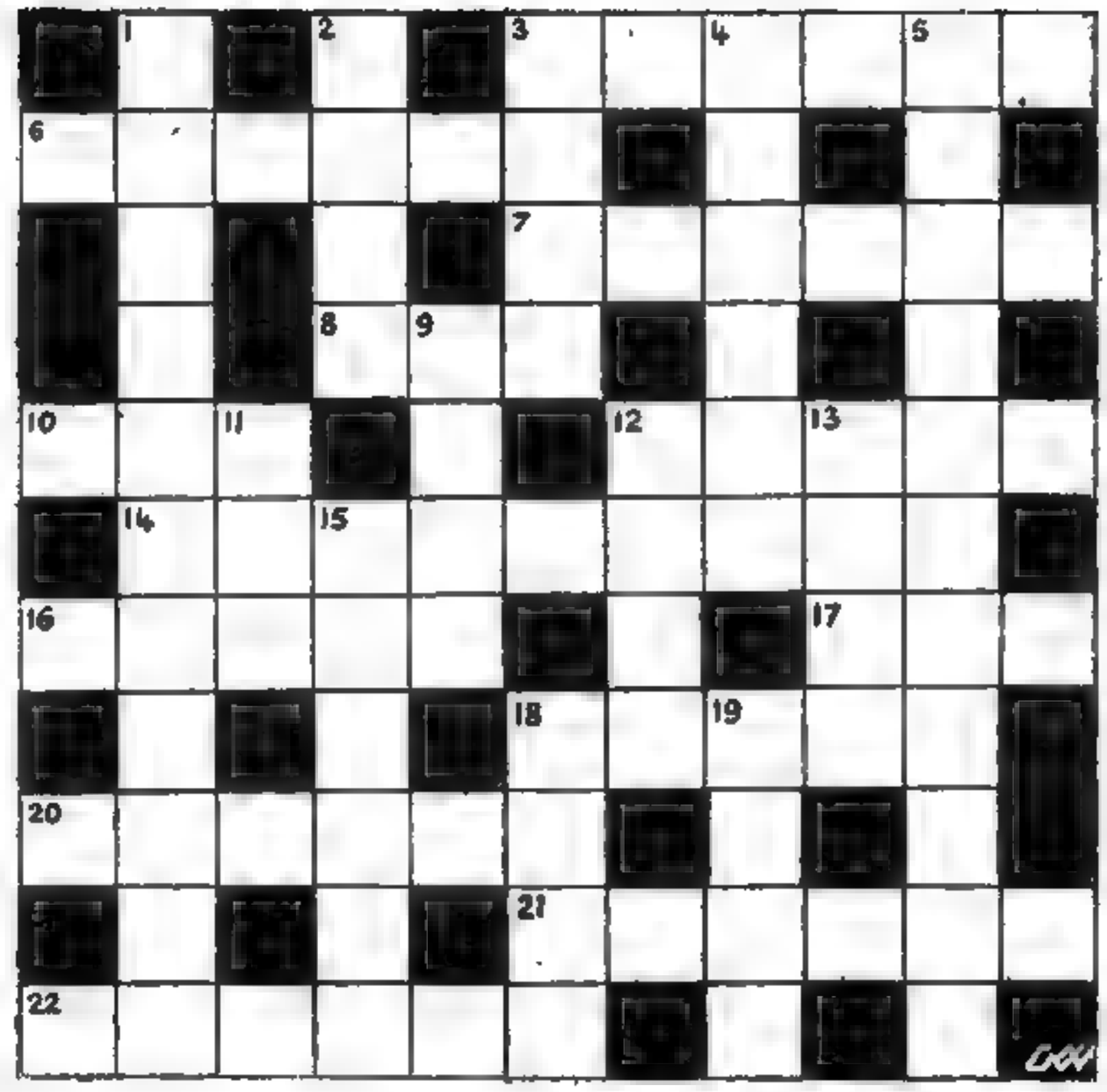
I was on Radio Suffolk a couple of years ago when *EAGLE* was relaunched. A pitifully pale shadow of the original *EAGLE*. The youngsters next door brought me their first edition. They weren't a bit interested in it! ★

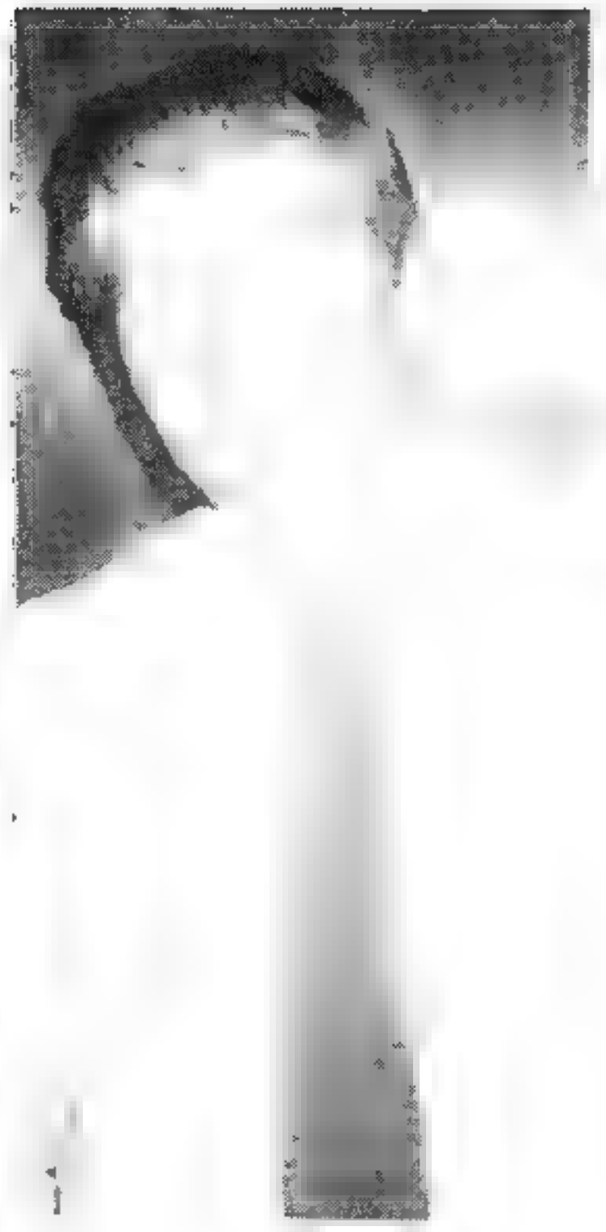
Geoffrey Wheeler

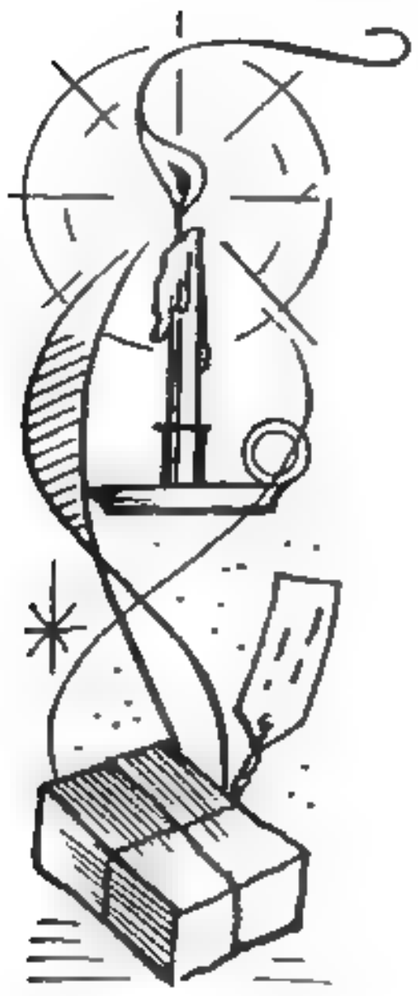


KEN'S CHRISTMAS CROSS WORD

By
Ken Webb





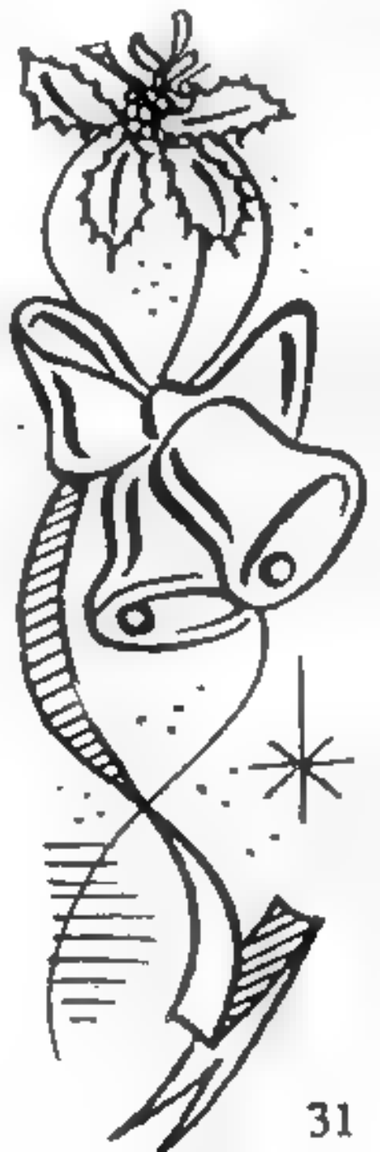


DOWN

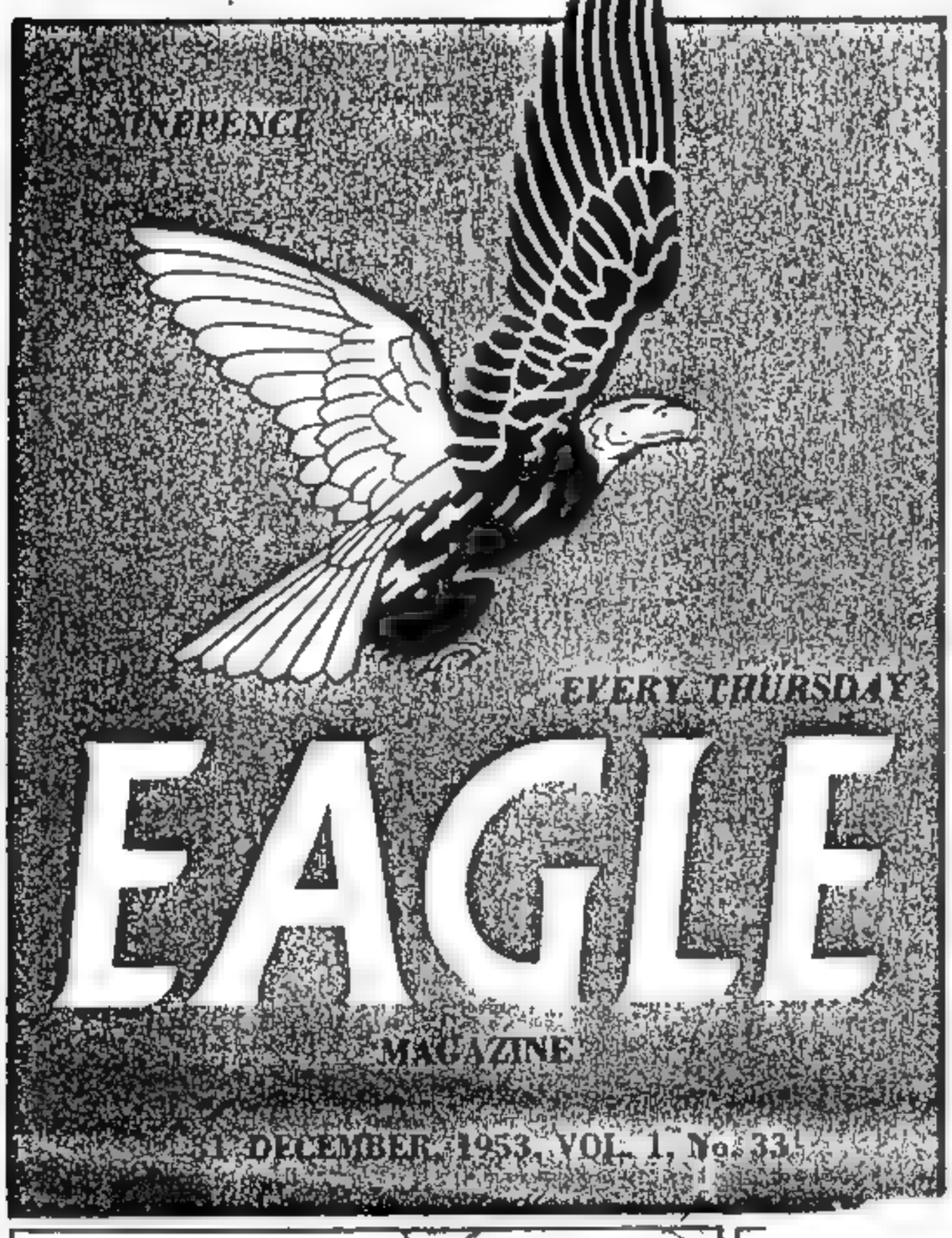
1. One of the original Southport bakehouse artists. (6,5)
2. Lex O'Malley has hairs on his --- .
3. The men under Dan's command.
4. The first name of 3 across.
5. One of the artists who drew Dan Dare. (5,6)
9. Frank Hampson obtained his B.A. from the --- University.
11. If Dan Dare's birthday fell in early August, he would be a --- .
12. Newsagents accepted --- for a copy of Eagle .
13. Sir Hubert hoped Dan would return from Cryptos --- .
15. The battle with the Phants was a fight to the --- .
18. What Pedro and Juan did when they first saw Lero.
19. Digby scored --- when fighting the Phants. (1,3)

ACROSS

3. Consultant on space matters.
6. Relationship of Robert to Frank.
7. What does Flamer do to his food at that fabulous Venusian Embassy party ? (4,2)
8. The name of the newsreel cinema that was showing "Crypt ship takeoff".
10. How many crew on board 'Anastasia' were loyal to Dan ?
12. What sort of posting was Digby hoping for ?
14. Lero prefers to 'postpone an argument'. (5,1,3)
16. What did Flamer say when he was asked to join Dan on his mission ?
17. Dan's predecessors went into battle in ships made of --- ?
18. An inhabitant of the planet Phantos.
20. Dan has a --- as to what to do with the captured Phants.
21. Marcus was --- of Eagle .
22. What did Sir Hubert do when he wanted Professor Peabody to get behind him ? (3,3)



Answers on page 48


INFERENCE
EVERY THURSDAY
EAGLE
MAGAZINE
1 DECEMBER 1953. VOL. 1, No. 33
YOU ARE IN MY HOUSE, YOUNG MAN I AM VOLSTAR, A THERON OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE
BUT WHO AM I? AND WHAT THE

THE AUSTRALIAN *EAGLE*

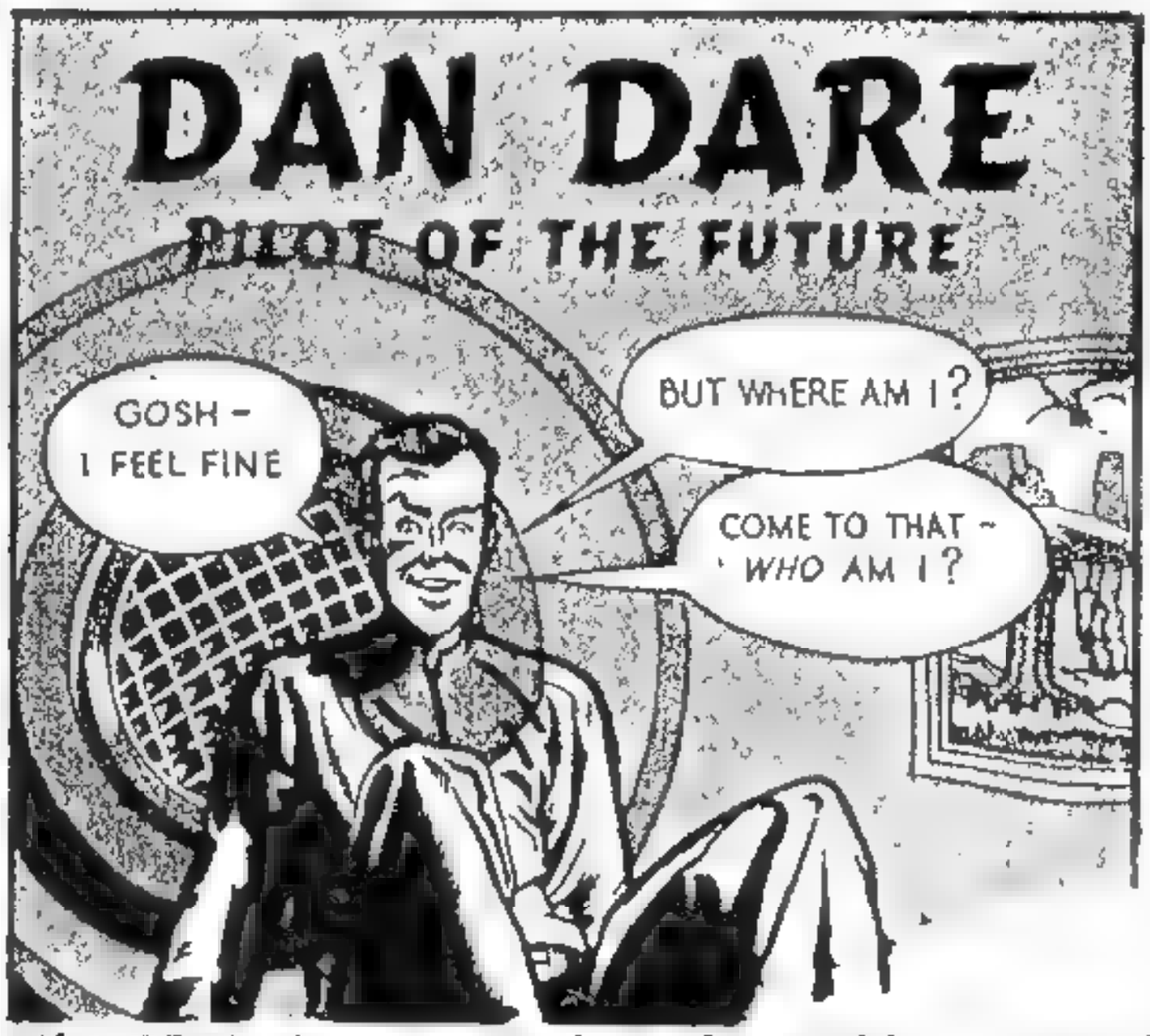
PART 3

WHAT WAS IT LIKE?

A comparison with the U.K. EAGLE

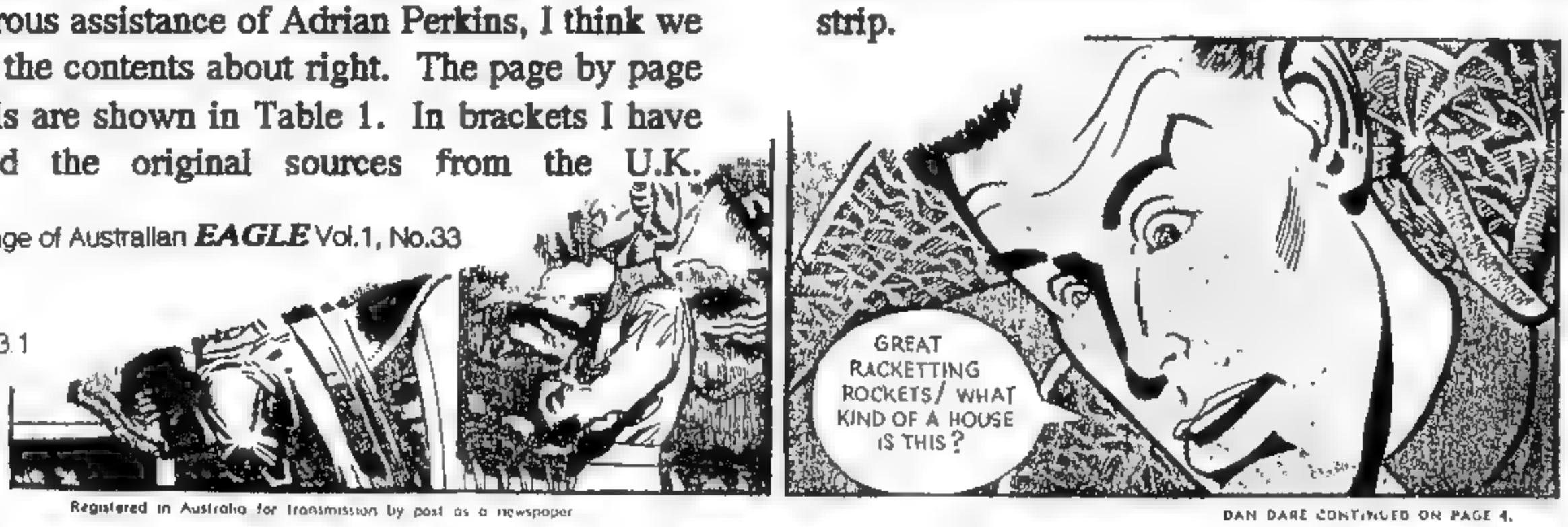
By Brett Gooden

In this part we look at the general contents and physical appearance of the Australian *EAGLE* and compare it with the U.K. original. Both magazines had 16 pages. Unfortunately I do not possess a copy of the first issue of Australian *EAGLE*, but with some sleuthing, and the generous assistance of Adrian Perkins, I think we have the contents about right. The page by page details are shown in Table 1. In brackets I have placed the original sources from the U.K.



EAGLE wherever we have been able to trace it. Dan Dare, PC49, Skippy the Kangaroo and The Great Adventurer strips all came from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 1, but most of the remainder is a hodge-podge from various U.K. issues. Approximately two pages were given over to Australian content which was H.A. Lindsay's article on boomerangs, Harry Kneebone on Australian cricket and John Collins' Editors Page. Interestingly Skippy the Kangaroo was not produced in Australia. Although Jeff Arnold started in issue No. 1, Luck of the Legion did not get going until September 2, 1954 (2.16).

Now let's look at, say, Volume 1, No. 33 (Figure 3.1) and compare the Australian and U.K. *EAGLE's* page by page (Table 2) Dan Dare, PC49 and The Great Adventurer have exactly the same episodes but Jeff Arnold replaces Cortez, Conqueror of Mexico. Two pages of Australian content take the place of the text story by Charles Chilton about his trip to Tombstone, U.S.A. As far as I know Walls icecream was not sold in Australia, so their was no chance for Tommy Walls. The Deep Sea Doctor story by R.B. Saxe & Norman Williams was inserted in lieu of this strip.



Front page of Australian *EAGLE* Vol.1, No.33

Figure 3.1

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper

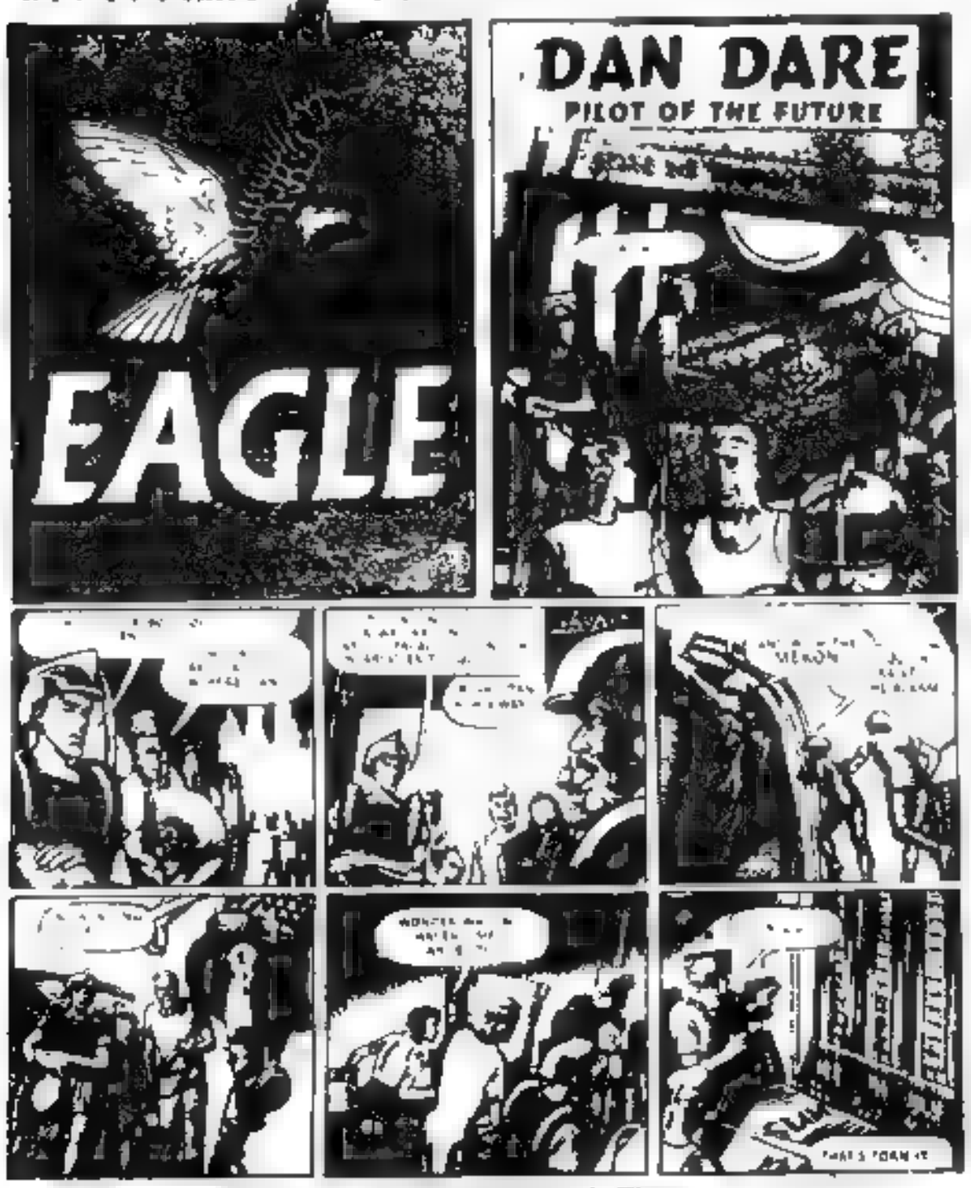
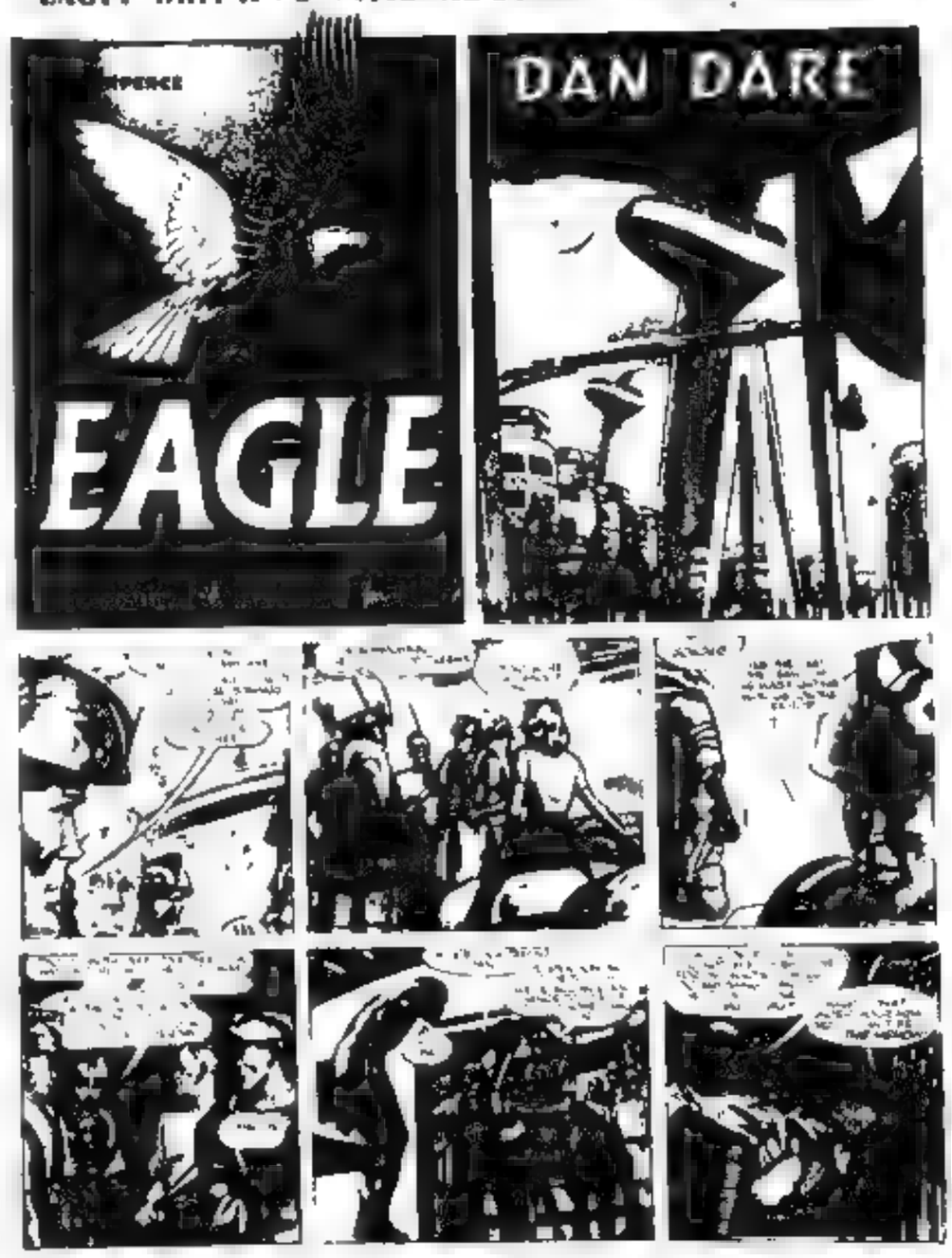


Figure 3.2 Australian (left) and U.K. *EAGLE* side by side. A centimetre tape measure separates the two.

There were eight pages of colour in the U.K. *EAGLE*, namely pages, 1,2,15.16 and 7,8,9,10. Thus there were two double sheets with colour printing on both sides. If we look at the distribution of colour pages in the Australian *EAGLE*, we notice immediately that something strange is afoot. Dan Dare is on page 1 and 4, not 1 and 2 as in the U.K. *EAGLE* and Jeff Arnold is on page 5, not 7. In addition there is half a page of colour on 12, but not in the U.K. *EAGLE*. If we open out a copy of the Australian *EAGLE*, it quickly becomes clear that colour printing only occurs on one side of any sheet. Why? John Collins tells me that the reason is related to the colour printing technique. There was concern that if colour printing had been attempted on both sides of the newsprint sheets, the colours might 'bleed' through, impairing the appearance of the colour reproduction.

As already mentioned in Part 2, the Australian *EAGLE* was printed on newsprint paper. This fact, along with the letter press colour printing, resulted in an inferior appearance of the magazine. The paper used by Hulton Press for the U.K. *EAGLE* is of much finer quality, whiter and stronger. The colour printing in the U.K. *EAGLE* does not appear to age significantly either. On the other hand, the newsprint paper used in the Australian *EAGLE* is of a coarser finish, tends to yellow with age and tears more easily. Given all this, it is surprising how well some copies of the Australian *EAGLE* have weathered nearly 40 years.



When you pick up a copy of the Australian *EAGLE* you are not immediately aware that there is a significant difference in its page size. However if you carefully measure copies of these two *EAGLE's* you will find, within the error of the technique, the results shown in Table 3. Although the overall width of the Australian *EAGLE* is only marginally smaller than the U.K. magazine, the height is 2cm smaller (Figure 3.2). This means, for example, that the Dan Dare strip must be 'squeezed' to fit onto the page. If we look at the overall dimensions of the Dan Dare strip on the front page, we find that the width of the strip is only slightly less than the U.K. version, but the vertical height occupied by the Dan Dare story has been reduced by nearly 3cm! How has this been achieved?

In the case of the width, this is easily affected by reducing slightly the blank spaces between frames, but in the case of the height the actual content of the frames themselves has had to be trimmed. Note that the magnification of the images within the frames has not been reduced. This trimming of the height of the frames has required a great deal of work. Compare the frames from the front page of *EAGLE* Vol.1, No. 32 (Figure 3.3A & B) You can easily see how each layer of frames has been trimmed, sometimes from the top of the frame and sometimes from the bottom. Hank's hat has been cut and the balloon now comes to the top of his

SAY, WHAT HAPPENED? HOW'D YOU GET HERE? WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
SAY, WHAT HAPPENED? HOW'D YOU GET HERE? WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
Figure 3.3a

forehead (Figure 3.3A). Also, notice how Frank Hampson's signature disappears completely (Figure 3.3B) No doubt the other strips required the same process.

L. Ashwell Wood's cutaway diagrams have also been considerably reworked. For example, look at the H.M.S. 'Eagle' Aircraft Carrier. (Figure 3.4) (U.K. April 10 1952; Australia April 1 1954). The legend has been rewritten and retyped. Note that Ashwell Wood's signature has been trimmed off. This is all very intriguing. John Collins cannot remember all these changes taking place in Adelaide, so I suspect that all this reformating took place in the U.K. Bromides were then prepared of this modified material which was then sent to Adelaide.

There are many more fascinating differences. Look at the two Dan Dare frames in Figure 3.5 (U.K.2.1; Australia 1.52) Guess which one is the Australian frame. On the basis of what we have just considered you would naturally choose the frame without Frank's signature. Not so. The frame with Frank's signature is the Australian version! Is this not remarkable? Did the Hampson team rework this material especially for the Australian *EAGLE*?

Before you dismiss this argument out of hand. Look very carefully at the two small frames that come from U.K. 2.18 and Australia 2.17 (Figure 3.6) See the small parallelogram shaped balloon top left - yes, its empty in the U.K. frame, but says '1 A.M.' in the Australian version. Who filled in the empty balloon? Who indeed? Thereby surely lies another tale.

As you would expect, the Australian and U.K. Dan Dare episodes are in synchrony, until we come to Vol. 1, No. 37. This was the U.K. *EAGLE* Christmas Issue of December 22, 1950. The festive spirit is much in evidence. On the front page all the frames, including the *EAGLE* logo, are surrounded by holly and even on page two, second row, there are wreaths of holly and

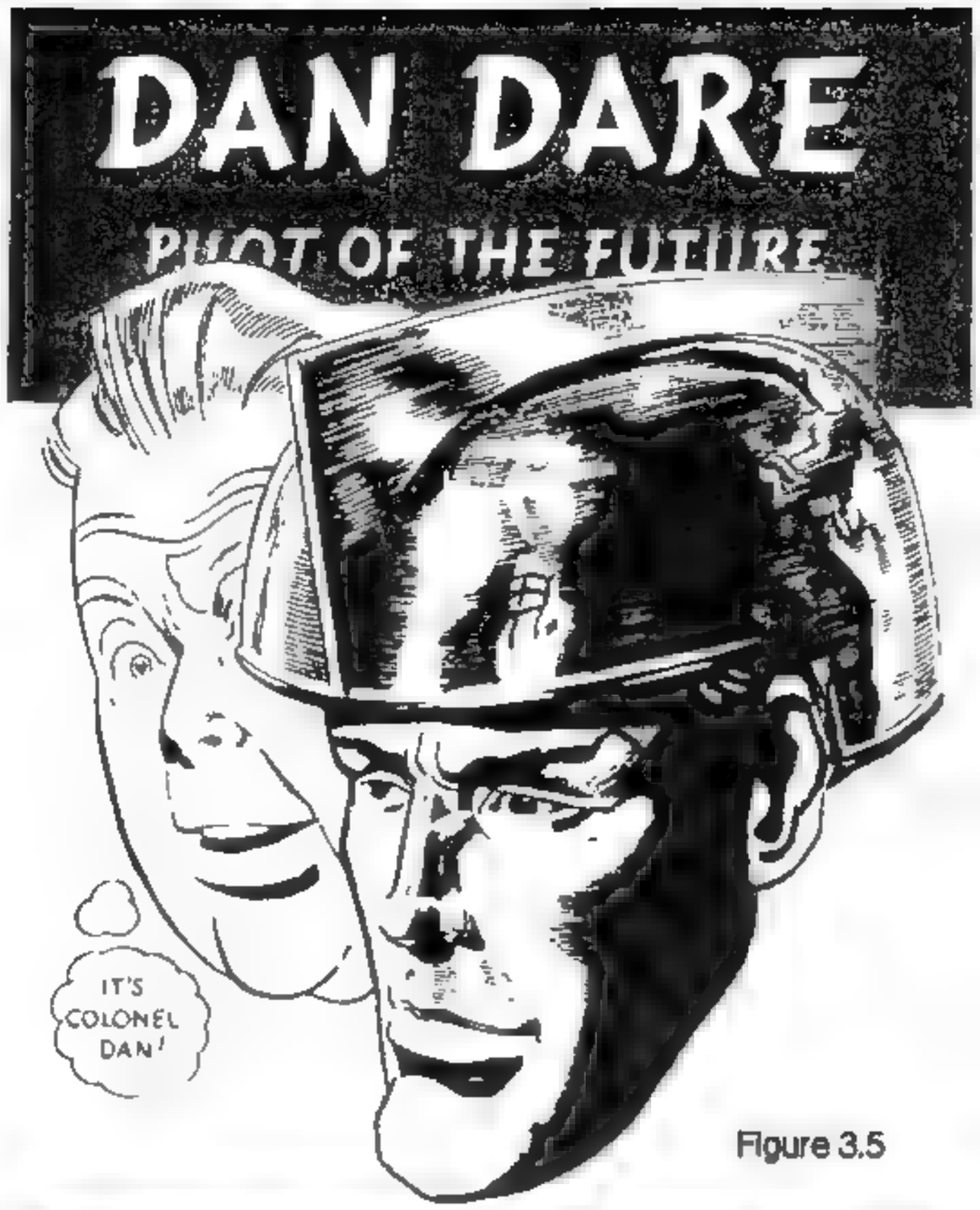
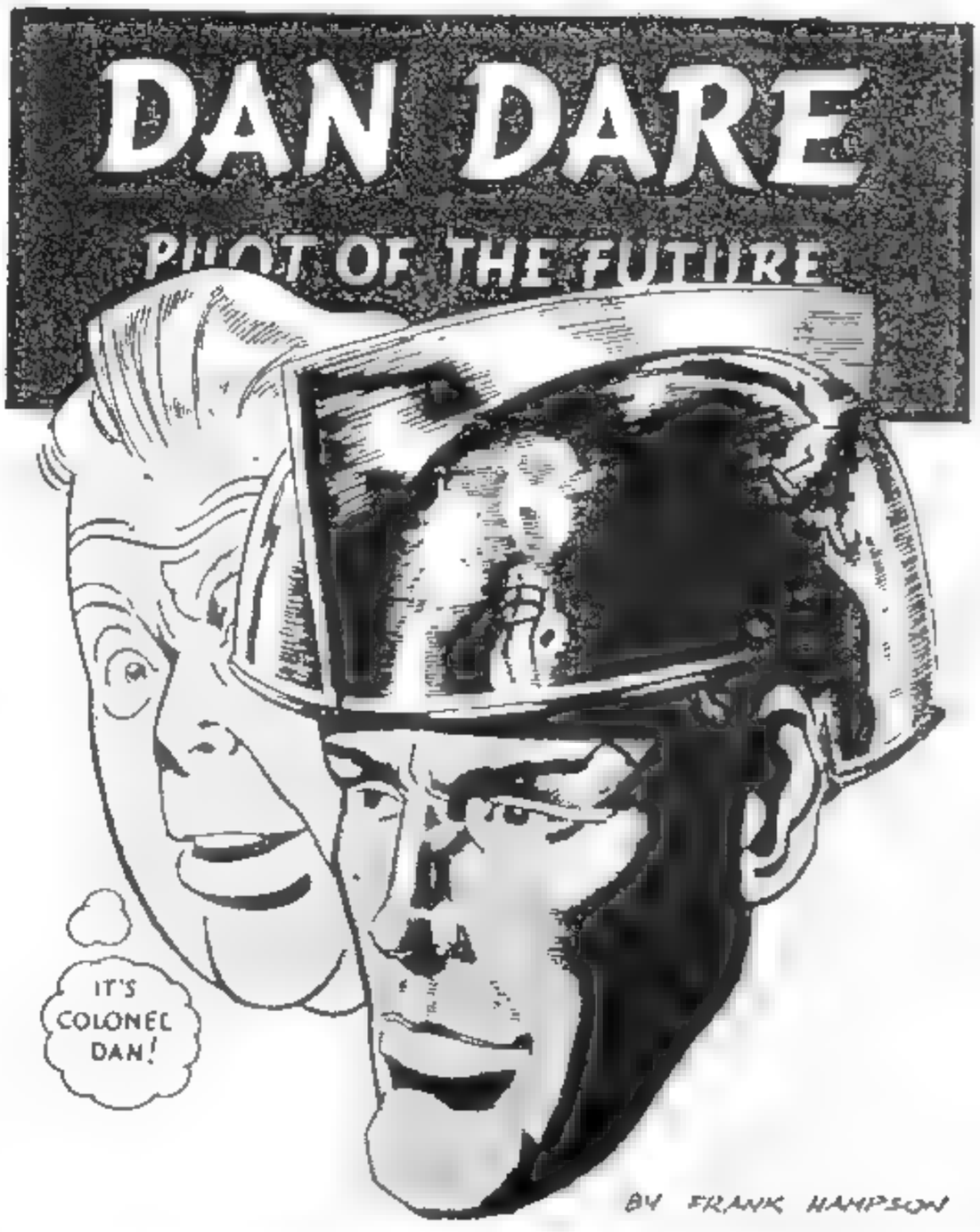


Figure 3.5



Christmas crackers with Dig, Prof. Peabody and Sir Hubert thinking no doubt, Yuletide thoughts. In Australia this episode would have run four weeks after Christmas. It appears that this episode was considered too difficult to modify for the Australian *EAGLE* because it was missed out completely. So after this point all the Australian Dan Dare episodes are one ahead of the original sequence. In the next Christmas issue of the U.K. *EAGLE* only the logo was decorated which was easily replaced (Figure 3.7 U.K. 237; Australia 2.36) Hence this Dan Dare

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EAGLE READERS

FOURPENCE HALFPENNY

EVERY THURSDAY

EAGLE

DAN DARE

Figure 3.7

EAGLE, January 20, 1955

NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

DAN DARE

WELCOME COLONEL DARE WE HAD DESPAIRED OF YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS, KNOWING THAT YOU HAD LANDED AMONGST THE REENS
YOU KNOW OUR GREEN FRIENDS THEN ?
FRANK HAMPSON

WELCOME COLONEL DARE. WE HAD DESPAIRED OF YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS, KNOWING THAT YOU HAD LANDED AMONGST THE TREENS.
YOU KNOW OUR GREEN FRIENDS THEN ?

DAN DARE CONTINUES ON PAGE 4

Figure 3.3b
Australian *EAGLE*
showing trimming of frames

H.M.S. EAGLE

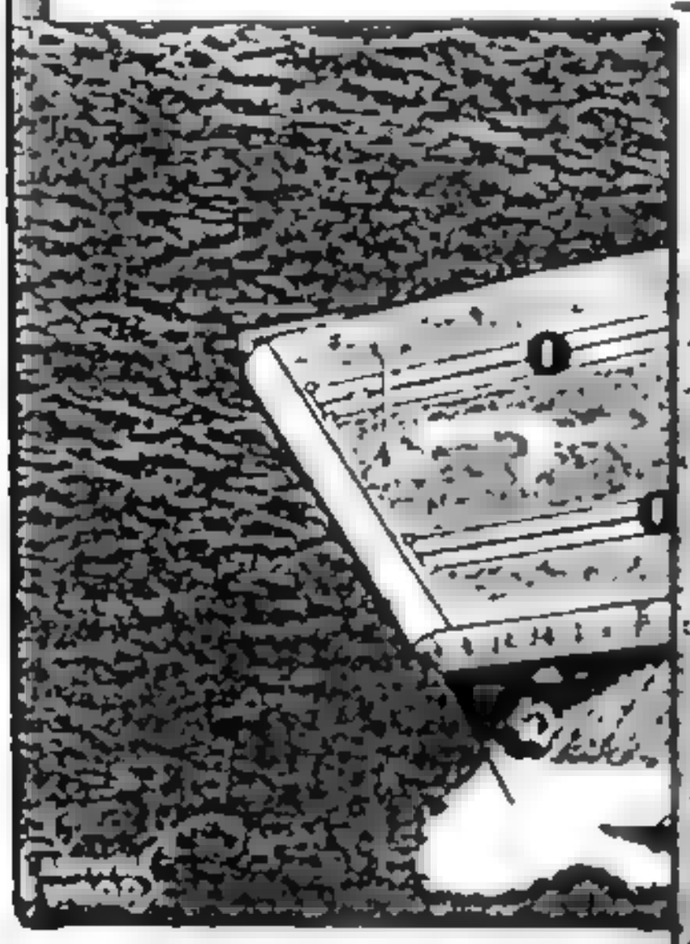
THE NEW WONDER AIRCRAFT CARRIER OF THE ROYAL NAVY

It is fitting that in the special birthday number of EAGLE we introduce the first and exclusive drawing of Britain's largest and fastest aircraft carrier with the name of her crew spelling out their names on the flight deck. H.M.S. Eagle has a displacement of 45,000 tons and the four sets of steam turbines give her a speed of 31 knots. She is 803 ft. 9 ins. long and 112 ft. 9 ins. wide. The continuous area of flight deck is equivalent to seven tennis courts.

The great hangars can accommodate over 100 aircraft. This space could store 264 double deck buses. The full crew is 2,790 men.

Armament consists of 16-4.5 in. high-angle dual-purpose guns and 48-40 m.m. Bofors anti-aircraft guns. The ship has the first operational squadron of jet aircraft to go into service with the Navy-Supermarine Attackers of 800 Squadron.

H.M.S. Eagle is indeed a fine ship. *In another issue of EAGLE we shall show one of the Attackers*



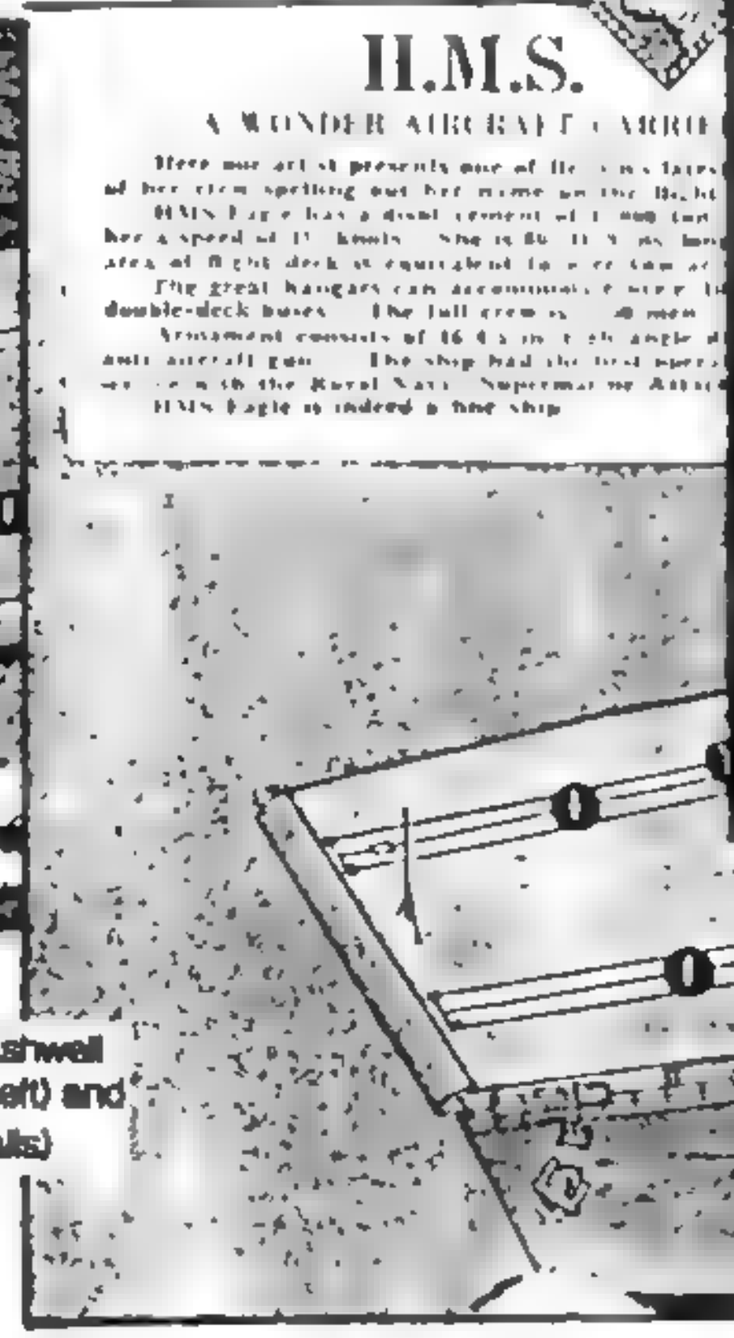


Figure 3.6

Figure 3.4

Reworking of text and frame in an L. Ashwell Wood cutaway (illustration from U.K. (left) and Australian *EAGLE* (see text for details)

episode did not have to be dropped. This Australian *EAGLE* was the penultimate Aussie issue.

In the fourth part of this series we will take a look at the fledgling Australian *EAGLE* Club.

TABLE 1

CONTENTS OF AUSTRALIAN *EAGLE*
Vol.1, No.1 (Origin of material shown in brackets)

Page No.	Contents
1	*EAGLE* logo. *DAN DARE*, Pilot of the Future. Full Page, colour (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 1)
2	The Adventures of PC49. Full Page (from U.K. No. 1)
3	The Spies who saved London: First of a series of real-life Spy stories told by Bernard Newman. Full page, text story (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 1)
4	*DAN DARE*, (continued). Full page, colour (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 1)
5	Riders of the Range: Jeff Arnold and the Black Shadow. Full page, colour (from a 1952 *EAGLE*.
6-7	Secret of the Mine: A serial of daring and detection on the Shores of North Africa by Ronald Syme. text story, 1½ pages (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 18).
8-9	"A famous British Express - The Royal Scot by L. Ashwell Wood. Cut-away illustration. Top half both pages. (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 29). Skippy the Kangaroo. Strip. bottom half both pages (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 1) Both pages full colour.
10	Professor Brittain Explains: A Giant Telescope. Full page strip. (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 3)
11	Editor's Page & Competition (Australian content)
12	Heroes of the Clouds: Air Pioneers. Top half page, colour. (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 1) The Pharaohs had Boomerangs, by H.A. Lindsay. Bottom half page (Australian content)
13	Harris Tweed: Sitting Target (from U.K. *EAGLE*, issue unknown)
14	Learn Boxing with Freddy Mills. Half page strip (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 25) Australia's 1953 Test Hopes by Harry Kneebone. Half page, b & w (Australian content).
15	Rob Conway: Air Training Cadet "In Search of a Secret City". Strip (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 1).
16	The Great Adventurer: Full page, colour (from U.K. *EAGLE* No. 1)

TABLE 2A

CONTENTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN *EAGLE*
Vol. 1 No.33, December 31, 1953

Page No	Contents
1	*EAGLE* logo. *DAN DARE*, Pilot of the Future. Full Page, colour.
2	The Adventures of PC49 by Alan Stranks. Full page.
3	Sky Devil of Kurdistan by E.J. Dutton & H.R.A. Winslade.
4	*DAN DARE*, (continued) Full page, colour.
5	Jeff Arnold in Riders of the Range. Jeff Arnold and the Lost Bonanza. Full page, colour
6	Thunder Reef. Chapter 15. A Fight Against Odds by A. Seligman & J. Worsley.
7	Thunder Reef (continued). "You can easily make this fine Viaduct for your Railway", J. G. Cone (illustration on quarter page)
8-9	"British Cars for Export" by L. Ashwell Wood. Cutaway illustration. Top both pages. Skippy the Kangaroo. Strip. Bottom both pages. Both pages full colour
10	Men Who Dared. Reed's Heroes. Top half. Advice on your Pets ... Training your Fox-Terrier Puppy, by Professor Cameron. Bottom half.
11	Editor's Page and Competition Corner (Australian content)
12	Nature invented it First: The Albatross and the Glider. Top half, colour, Attracting Moths for Study, by H.A. Lindsay, Bottom half. (Australian content).
13	Harris Tweed. Extra Special Agent. The Case of the Flying Detective. Full page.
14	The Modern Pentathlon by Michael Lachlan-Cope. Top half. (Australian content) Getting the Most out of Cycling by Syd Cozens # 4. Bottom half.
15	Deep Sea Doctor. The Story of Wilfred Grenfell. R.B. Saxe & Norman Williams, Full page.
16	The Great Adventurer. AD50. Full page, colour.

TABLE 2B

CONTENTS OF THE U.K. *EAGLE*
Vol. 1. No.33, November 24, 1950

Page No.	Contents
1	*EAGLE* logo, *DAN DARE*. Full page, colour. Same episode.
2	*DAN DARE* (continued). Full page, colour
3	The Adventures of PC49. Full page. Same episode.
4	"Thunder Reef." Chapter 1. Same story, different episode.
5	"Thunder Reef." (continued)
6	Learn Boxing with Freddy Mills. Half page strip. Running a model railway #12. half page strip.
7	"Cortez, Conqueror of Mexico." Full page, colour
8-9	"Golden Arrow-A Famous British Express": Top half both pages. Skippy the kangaroo: Bottom half both pages. Same episode. Both pages colour
10	Real Life Mysteries: The 7 Hunters. Half page. Curious creatures: The Sea Horse. Half page. Full page colour
11	The Editor's Page. Editorial & Competition. Chicko.
12	"Ticket to Tombstone." Text non-fiction by Charles Chilton.
13	"Ticket to Tombstone." (continued).
14	Harris Tweed. Tarantula Trouble! Different episode.
15	Tommy Walls. Advert. Full page, colour
16	The Great Adventurer. Full page, colour. Same episode.

TABLE 3

DIMENSIONS OF U.K. & AUSTRALIAN *EAGLE*

	U.K. *EAGLE*	AUSTRALIAN *EAGLE*	Difference
OVERALL			
Width	275 mm	270 mm	5 mm
Height	365 mm	345 mm	20 mm
DAN DARE front page			
Width	241 mm	238 mm	3 mm
Height	320 mm	292 mm	28 mm

mm = millimetres

EAGLE HAPPY BOX

By Roger Matthews

It is Monday morning in the office. Much the same as any other, really. At best, trying to remember which crisis is still extant from last week, and at worst trying to remember which project I'm responsible for.

The 'phone rings.

"Hello Roger, it's Fred. I've got something for you. It's an *EAGLE* Happy Box. Found it in Bath."

My heart leaps - an *EAGLE* item! "Never heard of it, Fred. What on earth is an *EAGLE* Happy Box?" I think to myself: 'Sounds modernistic and faintly reminiscent of some new scheme for infusing one with a mild narcotic'.

"It's a small box containing seven games. There's a Dan Dare Aircraft Identification Scanner; a Harris Tweed Decoder, a Wonder Disc, a game called The Airbase Controller's Dilemma. A Dan Dare Puzzle; one called the Magic Frame, and a Kangaroo Air Flip!"

"Sounds wonderful. What sort of condition?"

"It's very good really. All seems to be there, and where an item was designed to be cut out it's been left intact."

"Fred, you're a marvel." And he is too. A collector extraordinary - Meccano, Dinky Toys, Hornby railways, etc. He is also the founder of the Festival of Britain Society and collector of all its memorabil ia. He is a fount of knowledge on such topics, including repair of items (as little and as thoughtfully as possible) and their preservation, but it is his "nose" that leaves one in awe. He just finds things.

If a dealer rings him up and says that he has a 'Meccanoby Whatsit', you can be sure that it is in exceptional condition; that it turns out to be a much sought-after pre-production prototype, or dealers' display model, or the company only made 50 before war-time restrictions stopped production. One listens in envious amazement at his luck, if that is what it is. Personally I believe he causes ripples in the cosmos. The last such anecdote I heard from him finished with: "I'd been home about an hour when the 'phone rang; it was the dealer: 'I've been rummaging in the back of the shop and I've found another 'Whatsit'. This one's a Model Two. Are you interested?" Fred is; it's rarer than the one he has just bought and much sought after! Do I need to add that the prices asked are always less, sometimes much less, than the market value?

Only Fred could buy a petrified ball of Plasticene from a stall at a Summer fair and extract from its centre a pre-war Dinky Toy in first-class condition. It is complete with tyres of course. All right, so he had the clue of part of a bumper protruding from the Plasticene, but how many people would have bothered to examine the object in the first place? Getting the rock-hard clay off the toy was an interesting exercise in its own right.

Even charity shops sell sought-after collectors' items. Well, they do when Fred goes to them.

He has a few *EAGLE s* in his collection, Not because they're *EAGLE s* but because they contain references to the Festival of Britain exhibition. You will no doubt remember the one that had the centre spread showing an aerial view of the site.

So, I keep my eyes open for anything which I think he may be interested in; buy it if it is a few pounds, or give him the tip if it's more. In return, I gain a little of his "nose", hence the 'Happy Box'.

DAN DARE
AIRCRAFT IDENTIFICATION
SCANNER
VICKERS
VALIANT

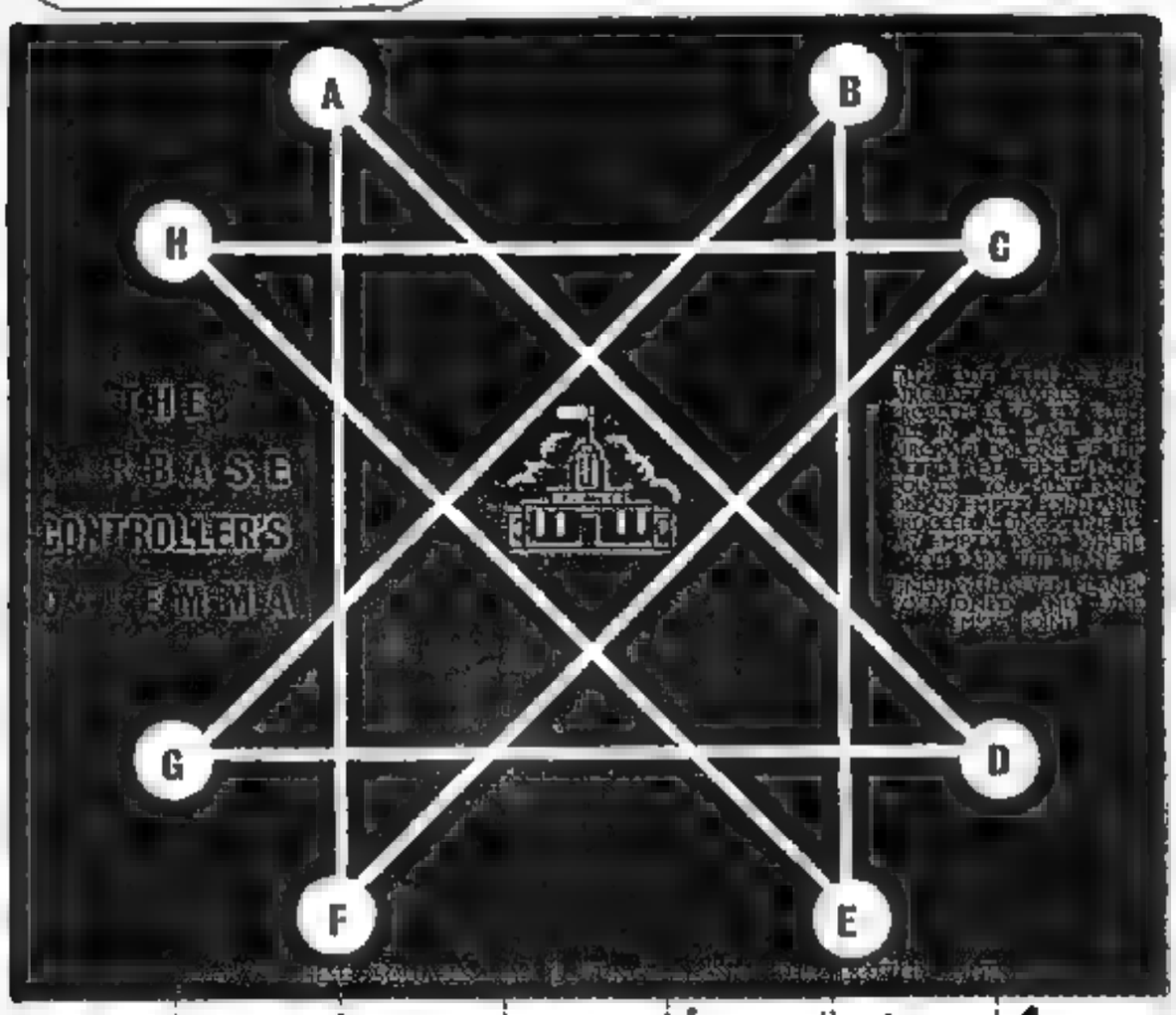
FLAMER

DAN DARE

PLACE THIS BOOMERANG ON THE EDGE OF THE TABLE, WITH ONE ARM PROJECTING AND FLIP SHARPLY WITH A FENEIL. WHEN IT WILL FLY AWAY AND RETURN
KANGAROO
R.E.P.

LEX

STRIPEY & DIGBY


A
B
C
D
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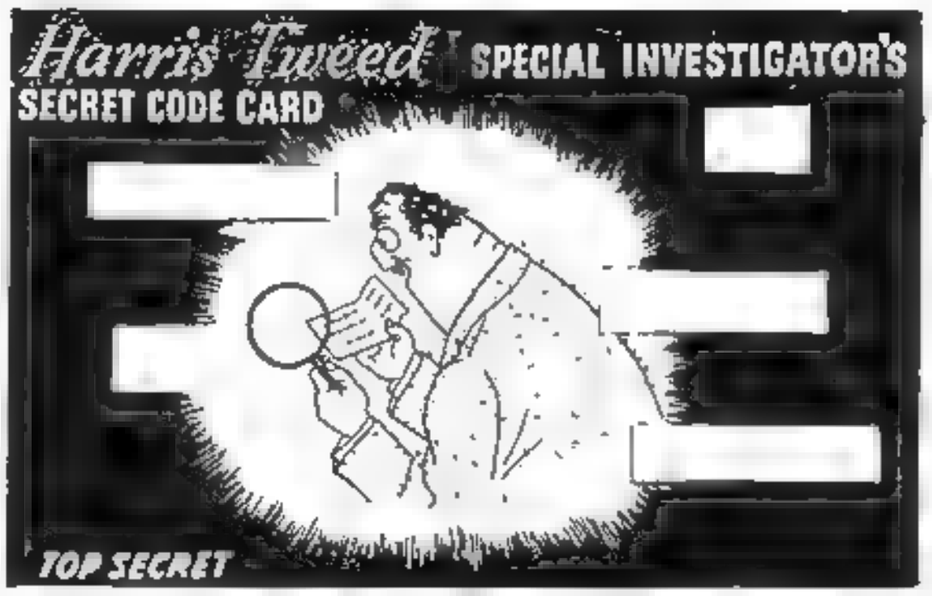
F
G
H
THE
BASE
CONTROLLER'S


Harris Tweed
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR'S
SECRET CODE CARD
TOP SECRET

THE *EAGLE* HAPPY BOX

The *EAGLE* Happy Box was made by Theydon Games of Theydon Road, Clapton, London, E5., by permission of Hulton Press.

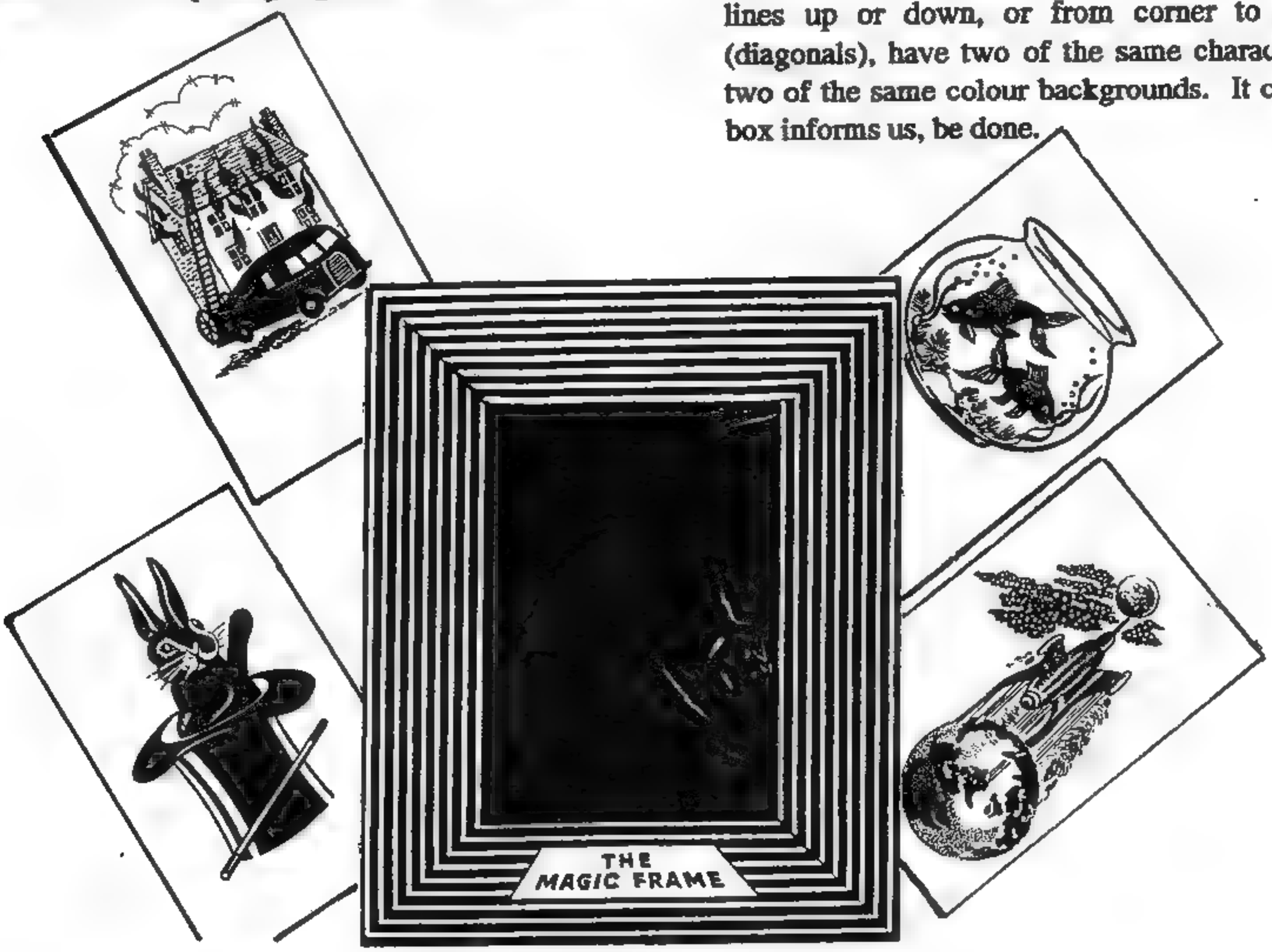
The outer box is of light cardboard and measures 7" by 7" by 1½" deep and is printed in red, yellow, black and white, and opens at one end. The back of the box carries the instructions for each of the seven games contained within.

The games are all printed on card, and the first, the Dan Dare Aircraft Identification Scanner, consists of two rotatable discs pinned together. On rotation of the bottom disc, drawings of aircraft are displayed through a window in the top one. The idea being to guess the identity of the aircraft, with the correct answer being revealed in a second window set below. There are seven little drawings in all, and it is pure nostalgia to read the names: The Douglas Skyray, the Saunders-Roe Skeeter, the Gloster Javelin, the Bristol Britannia, the Grumman Cougar, the Short Sealand, the Vickers Valiant and the De Havilland Comet.

The Airbase Controller's Dilemma is somewhat more complex. A rectangular card has a diagrammatic representation of an airfield printed on it comprising eight lettered terminals. Each terminal has two runways radiating from it leading to two of the other terminals. The whole layout forms a regular pattern. Along the base of the rectangle are seven different little aircraft silhouettes in plan form, designed to be cut from the card. The object of the game is to land a fighter on one of the lettered terminals and taxi along to the terminal at the other end of the runway, and park. The landing terminal and the parking terminal must be empty at the time, and the object of the game is to land and park seven aircraft leaving one terminal empty.

The Magic Frame contains four drawings printed in black and red. There is a red spacecraft flying past Earth; a red goldfish in a bowl; a red fire engine parked outside a house from which red flames are seen and a red rabbit in a top hat. These drawings slip inside a folded card, set in the front of which is a red transparent window. When the card is closed over a drawing, the red parts vanish. Magic!

The Dan Dare Puzzle consists of 16 cards, comprising four sets. Each set is printed in either blue, green, red or yellow and features Dan Dare, Digby and Stripey, Lex O'Malley and Flamer. The object of the game is to arrange the cards in a square of four lines of four cards so that no lines up or down, or from corner to corner (diagonals), have two of the same characters or two of the same colour backgrounds. It can, the box informs us, be done.



The Wonder Disc is the familiar disc on a loop of string, which when 'wound up' and the string put under tension causes the disc to rotate at speed. This disc has segments coloured in the three primaries: red, yellow and blue. Thus, when it is spun up it appeared all white,
"... proving that white light is made up from coloured light." We used to get these things up to a tremendous speed, when we were lads, I remember.

The Kangaroo Air Flip is a three bladed 'propeller' which has a Kangaroo face printed on it. The idea is to place the flip on the edge of a table and give it a quick flick with a rule or pencil, causing the flip to fly away. Apparently, with practise, one can get the thing to return to the same spot. Hmmm.

The Harris Tweed Decoder consists of two identical rectangular cards which have five slots cut into them, together with (if my set is complete) ten sheets of white paper cut to the same size as the cards. One divides the set between oneself and a chum. A secret message can be created by placing a sheet of white paper under the card and writing a (short!) message through the slots in the card. The top card is then removed and a misleading message written between the words already laid down. Only your chum can then decipher the message by placing his card over your piece of paper. Wonderful!

So there it is: The *EAGLE* Happy Box. Does anyone know anything more about it? Is it rare or commonplace, and when was it introduced? As Lex and Stripey feature, it was made after the start of the Saturn adventure, but when exactly? It is a charming little item, and a worthy addition to my small collection. ★

PRICES SKY-ROCKET AT *DAN DARE'S* LAST SALE

By Alastair Crompton

At 3.15 pm on 24th August, at Christie's in South Kensington, before 90 gnarled old Dan Dare fans, the auctioneer knocked down two sheets of Keith Watson's 'All Treens Must Die' artwork for £500 a page. If you add the 10% commission and VAT, the total paid for both pages is around £1,120. The average price paid for a page of Watson's artwork throughout the steady bidding was £120.

By the sale-end at 3.45, Christie's had taken £28,853 and were soon calling the press to publicise the afternoon's success. The fans left with mixed feelings: pleased the art had grown in value but dejected that it was now too expensive for them to afford.

The sale, according to Mark Wilkinson, Christie's Director in charge of Decorative Art (who catalogued the 144 Lots), is the first and last of its kind. There's never been one devoted solely to Dan Dare artwork and artefacts: there never will be again. Says Wilkinson: "There's not much more artwork owned by people who want to sell. Most now only want to hang it on their walls."

When it comes to auctions 'records' are common-place. But two were created on Wednesday. For the first time a buyer paid £880 for a page of Frank Hampson's best work (from the latter half of the Venus Story). And a battered plastic Dan Dare ray gun went for £120. Original price 7/6d (I'd guess).

Christie's were cagey about where the artwork came from. One old hand, when told it may have been 'rescued' from a skip, ventured he'd like to have been around the skip at the time! It was on show at Christie's in the lower gallery (or Green Room) for four days and 150 people came to view. 100 of them turned up at the show. About ten were women (one of whom spent freely) but none of them were old enough to have known *EAGLE* in its prime.

A character with silver hair and a pale grey suit, seated in the second row, bought a sequence of Operation Silence boards, for (we learned by eaves-dropping) the Science Museum. A sheath of original *EAGLE*s, the first 52 issues, went for £420 (commission included) making them worth about £8.25 each. It shows how auctions can induce punters to spend. A few years ago Norman Shaw would've sold you the same for £100.

In total 91% of all the material on sale was sold, and this, too, was cause for glee. Very little will go back to the seller who should make (after deductions) about £25,000. Even as we left the building news came that ten new pieces of artwork had been brought in for some future auction. Dan and his prices go onward and upward. ★

MARVEL COMICS & *EAGLE*

By Richard Sheaf

Beginning today! The Tales of Asgard! Home of the mighty Norse Gods" boomed the cover of EAGLE dated 17th February 1968, and with these words an association between EAGLE and Marvel Comics was established. These tales of the Gods defeating seemingly undefeatable opponents lasted for a total of forty-four weeks, finishing on 7th December 1968. The stories dealt with a number of topics but they were for the most part short tales of an adventure that a God had at some point in his/her lifetime. The artwork was typical of Marvel artwork of the time, ie: pretty poor, being drawn by Jack Kirby and scripted by the now famous Stan Lee (real name Stanley Lieber). The first twelve stories were reprinted in October 1968 under the title of Tales of Asgard. The introduction to this set of reprints was Marvel at its best:- "From the vintage years of magnificent Marvel the power and pageantry of Thor's homeland live again!!"

Tales of Asgard was only a one-shot however and the rest of the thirty-two weeks' worth of stories can be found in issues 97-125 of Journey into Mystery (J.I.M.) Unfortunately J.I.M. is very popular these days and issues can cost up to £40 (and I thought EAGLEs were expensive!).

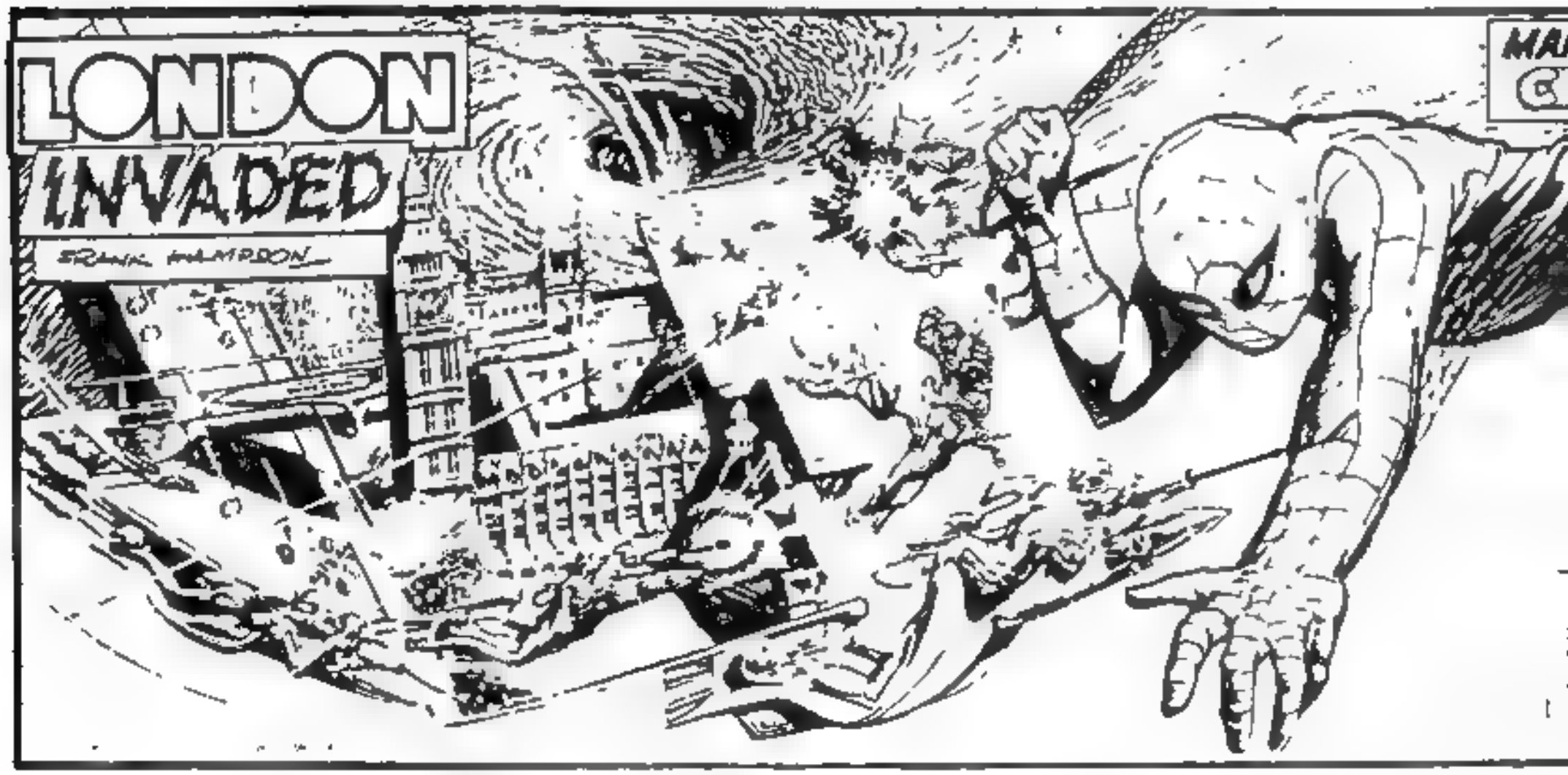
When the stories were originally printed in EAGLE they were done in black and white. They were in colour in Tales of Asgard but this only made them look worse owing to the poor standards of printing and artwork which Marvel employed.

This was the first link with Marvel, but it certainly was not the last. Super Spiderman with the Super Heroes is not exactly the sort of place where you expect to find an article dealing with Frank Hampson. Issue No.162 (20th March 1976) looked ordinary enough on the outside, showing Spiderman apparently about to die for the umpteenth time that year (and his mask had been ripped off!!!). However, if you flicked through the comic and stopped at page seventeen, you would have found a whole page devoted to "Frank Hampson: the man who drew a dream."

The article, written by Denis Gifford, tells the reader a little about Frank and the man he created, Dan Dare; about the Yellow Kid award which Frank had just won at Lucca; and about a centrespread which Marvel had commissioned Frank to draw and which would appear in next week's issue. The aforementioned issue duly arrived and, sure enough, in the centre two pages there was a picture drawn by Frank himself. The picture was entitled London Invaded and, not surprisingly, featured a picture of London being invaded. The source of this invasion is a large whirlpool in the middle of the Thames from which aliens, on small attack craft are emerging. The drawing features Spiderman and the Thing; the Incredible Hulk is also coming to the rescue but is out of frame for the time being. This picture was reprinted in "Thing" fanzine No. 22 (August 1977), presumably because the Thing was in the picture. This fact was highlighted in the second issue of EAGLER. The picture shows a much-changed London in the year 2026. There is, for example, no Westminster Bridge as we know it, but a roadway of sorts does exist. In addition to this more than half of the roof space of the Houses of Parliament is now encompassed by a huge heliport. Whether or not this was the view of London that Frank expected to see or the view that Marvel expected to see is unclear. It should also be noted that there was (apparently) a model very similar to the ones that the aliens are riding upon on display at Eaglecon 80.

Two centrespreads drawn by Frank for Marvel Co

March '76,'**London Invaded**' & January '77, '**Counte**



mics.

r Attack'

The final link can also be found in Super Spiderman with the Super Heroes, dated 17 January 1977 under the title of "Counter Attack"; this time however the creatures that were encountered in the previous picture, now identified as Voraks, are on the run. This picture contains many "Dare" images. The first of these is in the form of a British Sergeant Superdare, who is firing a "Superdare" gun! The Sergeant has a clearly visible archetypal Dare eyebrow; perhaps he is a descendant from the man himself (who knows?) The key informs us of a Solplanet League "Telezero Projector" but it does not look as if it is of Treen origin. Finally, on the extreme left of the picture, next to the letter B and identified as a "Solplanet League Terran Comando", can be found a picture of Dan done up in a standard Treen space suit.

As well as this Dan is whizzing through space with the aid of a Space Fleet rocket pack on his back! It is not surprising really that this picture features more "Dare" images than the first picture. This is presumably because, for the first picture, Frank had simply been commissioned to draw what was called a "Marvel Masterwork Centrespread" (M.M.C) which featured Marvel characters, whereas the second picture was not an M.M.C.; presumably it replaced it for that particular week and this picture was set in space, which would presumably have made Frank feel more "at home" than the previous picture would have done. It was a Dan Dare picture with minimal disguise.

AND, NO SOONER HAS LONG RUN ODD THEN THE EVIL GODS ATTACK! NEVER HAS THERE BEEN SO AWESOME AN ARRAY OF IMMORTAL FORCE...!
I MUST PROTECT ASGARD —WITH MY LIFE IF NEED BE!

The link between EAGLE/Frank Hampson and Marvel Comics was never a particularly strong one. However it was a link and one that should not be forgotten. We should be grateful to Marvel Comics at least for letting the World see a piece of Frank's work when there was not nearly enough of it to go round. ★

A follow up to the auction came in the Telegraph on 10th September when Tim Rice devoted a column to "Eagle", and its cricket coverage in particular. I do not recall seeing Tim at the auction; presumably his was a telephone bid, or he had a proxy bidder. Thanks to Simon Gosnell and Sid Cleak

BEHIND THE ARM

Tim Rice

Eagle has landed again to reveal Dan Dare and Constantine tips

I RECENTLY purchased the first 25 issues of the *Eagle* comic at auction — a bargain at a little under £300 with the first two *Eagle Annuals* thrown in. Anyone of my generation will immediately realise why my bedtime reading problems for the winter months are solved

There is no question that I shall get just as much value out of the immortal publications in 1993 as I did at 3d a week back in 1950, even though it was my father forking out 43 years ago.

In April 1950, hard though it is to believe, I had little interest in cricket. The stirring deeds of the three Ws, Ramadhin and Valentine, as the touring West Indies overwhelmed England in England for the very first time, passed by my five-year-old consciousness that summer.

The establishment of what was to be a momentous force in international cricket had no impact whatsoever upon me — as E. W. Swanton (and others) marvelled at the balletic and formidable skills of this new world power, I was more concerned with Dan Dare's struggles to feed the starving Earth of 1995.

This time around, however, I am reading the cricket columns of the greatest boys' publication of the century, not skipping Leary (sic) Constantine's tips to get to Skippy the Kangaroo or Tommy Walls

In the very first issue of *Eagle*, that of April 14, Constantine's 'Cricket Coaching' strip dealt with the stance. As his countrymen warmed up against the counties and universities before the first Test, *Eagle* readers were taken through the rudiments of batting, bowling and fielding in great clarity of detail.

Naturally the advice holds good today — had I absorbed some of it back then my career batting average would surely be a good deal higher than 7.11.

As Everton Weekes and his cohorts began reeling off the double and even triple centuries, Subbuteo announced a new table game "which has been generally requested by all Subbuteo Table Soccer owners" — Table Cricket Their advertisement ran in *Eagle No4* and as there appears to be no time limit therein I suggest that those who missed out on this terrific game in their youth write as requested on May 5, 1950 to P A. Adolph at 66 The Lodge, Langton Green, Tunbridge Wells, enclosing a 2d stamp.

In Competition Corner, on May 12, two prizes of 10/6d National Savings Tokens were on offer for a correct prediction of the England 12 to be chosen by MCC for the first Test at Old Trafford

Not one budding selector got the full side correct, which may go a long way towards explaining some of my generation's difficulties when doing the same thing four decades later "Even by eliminating Compton and regarding Bedser as 12th man" explained the editor, "no-one got nearer than eight correct points."

The editor thus saved himself a guinea, and England beat the West Indies by 202 runs, despite Alf Valentine's stupendous 11 for 204 from 106 overs — on debut.

I suspect that not even the short-trousered E. R Dexter would have picked Hubert Doggart or Bob Berry, well though both played on their first England appearances

The *Eagle* club did however sponsor a trip to the Manchester Test about which reader Colin Bland wrote with great appreciation. Surely it couldn't be that Colin Bland? The evidence against is that he came from Durham, but as he was impressed with being given "a luncheon box and a bottle of lemonade" and also praised the West Indies fielding as "exceptional" who knows?

As *Eagle's* first summer wore on, the West Indies hit irresistible form and achieved the first of many glorious triumphs in England at Lord's by 326 runs. Caribbean dancing and calypso arrived at HQ with Ramadhin the 11-wicket man this time.

As Dan Dare came face to face with his first Treen crisis, England went under by mammoth margins at both Trent Bridge and the Oval Constantine's column was replaced by a swimming strip. At the end of the season *Eagle* presented bats and balls to a dozen promising cricketers. None of these, sad to say, went on to play at first-class level.

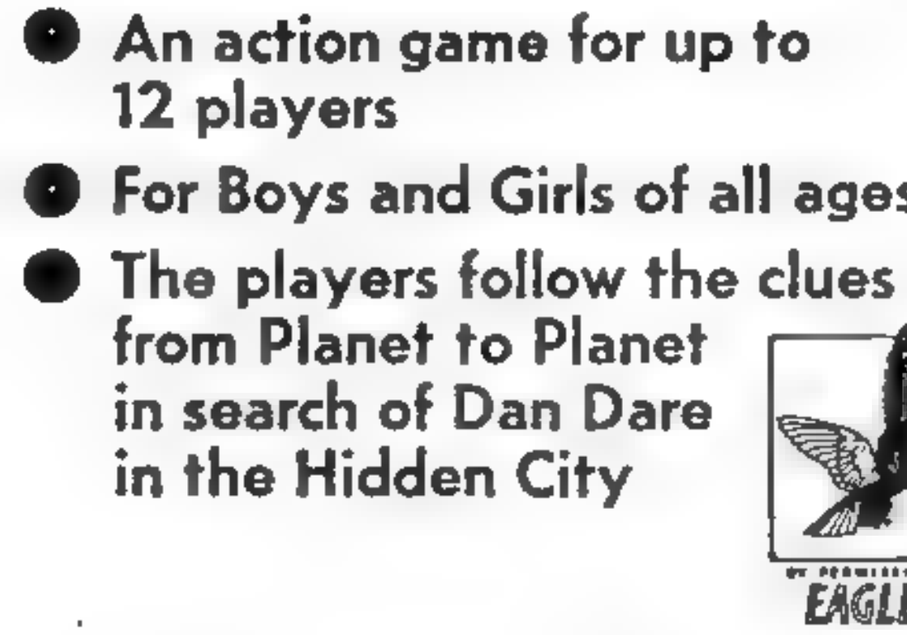
Reg Simpson was profiled in the issue of Sept 6 1950, which proved a prescient choice as the outstanding Nottinghamshire batsman was shortly to play a key role in halting Australia's post-war run of success against England, scoring a superb 156 not out at Melbourne in the final Test of Freddie Brown's tour.

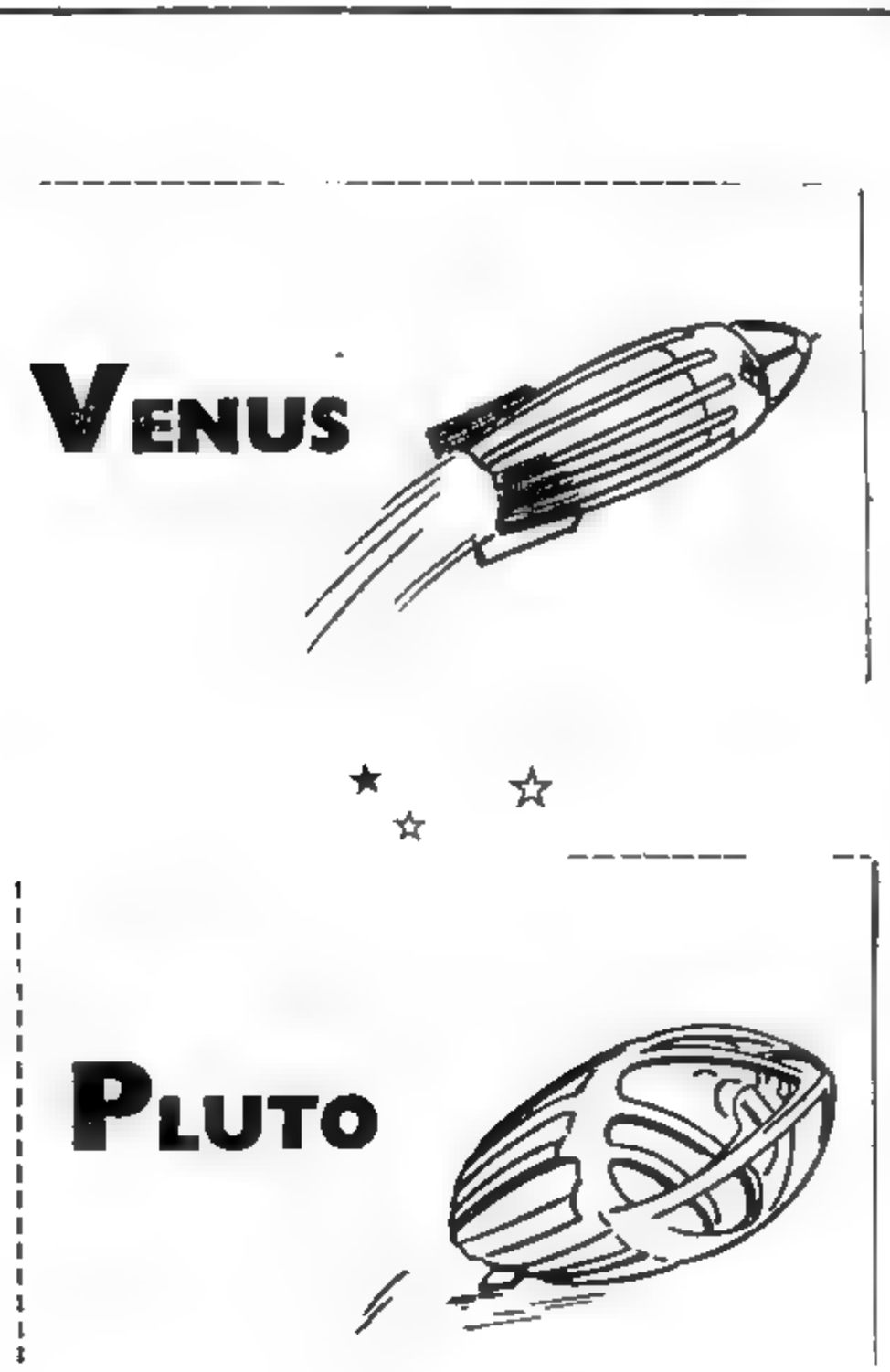
Leslie Compton, of Middlesex and Arsenal (like brother Denis), appeared two weeks later, one of the last of those who made their mark as both cricketer and footballer, his story marking *Eagle's* switch to its first soccer season, mercifully free of such mind-boggling concepts as a 'Premiership'

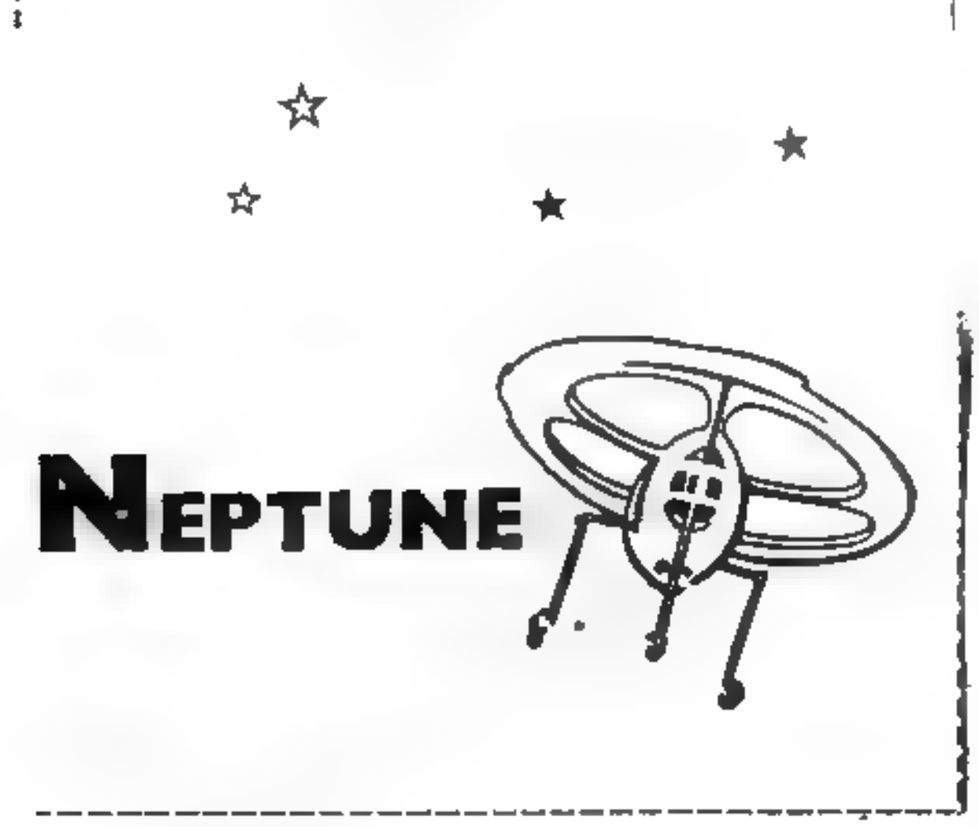
At this point my collection runs out with one question unanswered — how did PC 49 get out of the flooded cellar beneath Li Chang's store?

Naturally all [illegible] still holds good today

SPACE SHIPS
THE DAN DARE TREASURE HUNT
An action game for up to 12 players
For Boys and Girls of all ages
The players follow the clues from Planet to Planet in search of Dan Dare in the Hidden City
EAGLE







ON THE 1950's CHRISTMAS TREE

No. 2

PEPYS GAMES

By Howard Corn

During the early fifties, Castell, under the 'Pepys Games' banner, marketed almost twenty of their Boxed Party Games, each one retailing at 2s. 6d.

Three were produced with *EAGLE* connections: 'Spaceships', a Dan Dare Game; 'Round Up', loosely based on Jeff Arnold; and 'Burglars', supposedly linked with PC49.

The 'Round Up' Game was detailed in E.T. Vol. 4 No. 3 and 'Burglars' was featured in E.T. Vol. 5 No. 2. To my knowledge 'Spaceships' has not yet been the subject of an in-depth study, so I shall now give a brief outline of what the recipient of the Game had in store for him.

The box was the standard one for the whole series, 6" x 8", with a three-colour design. Inside, a sheet of instructions was found, twelve white A5 size cards listing planets and one card that had to be cut into eight cards, each one having a planet's name on it and a spaceship (most of them based on Frank Hampson's designs). The face of Dan Dare actually appeared on a card; thus Dan was the only *EAGLE* character to have this honour as far as Pepys Games were concerned!

The object of the game was to find the spaceship cards hidden around the party host's house and discover Dan Dare's whereabouts from information gathered from the cards.

This game had a 'Mark I' and a 'Mark II' version, there being different cards in each set.

Another game in the series was 'It pays to advertise'. In it, well known characters from adverts were shown and the players had to name them. Some of these characters are shown here for you to test your memory. Also included is an advert for *EAGLE* in Lilliput Magazine (1951). What is the missing word?

PARTY GAMES

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6..... for happy motoring

7. No one ever says 'NO" to.....

8. ..... cock.

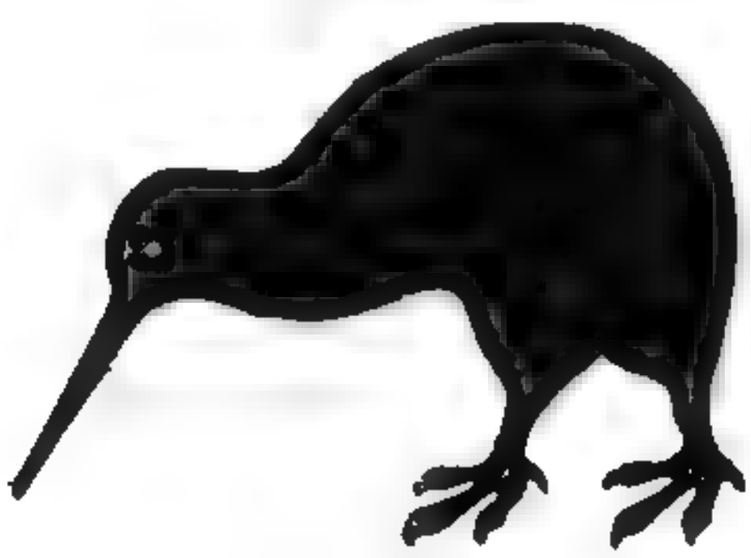
9. Give me a.....with a name to its.....

10.....

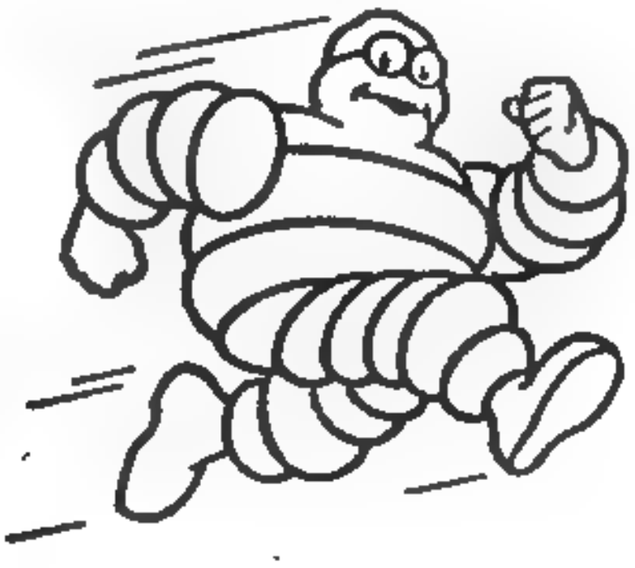
11.....

12.....

15.....

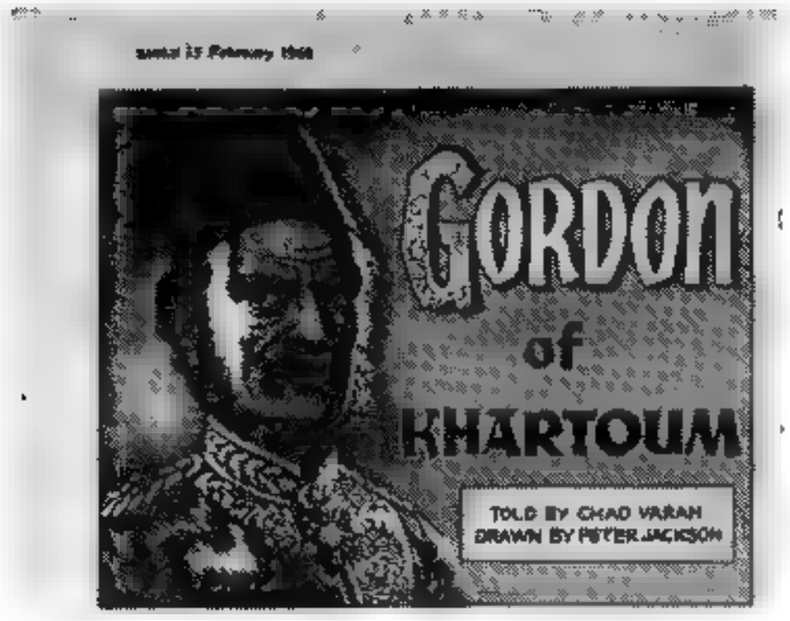


13.....



14.....

Answers on page 48



GORDON OF KHARTOUM

By Colin Knight

'Gordon of Khartoum' was the shortest of all the *EAGLE* back-pagers, only eleven episodes in fact, 2nd January 1960 - 12th March 1960. It says much for the scriptwriting and visualising skills of Chad Varah that he was able to condense the life of Gordon into so few episodes.

As a young reader in 1960 I must confess to having been more interested in the marvellous illustrations of Peter Jackson than the actual story. In my opinion this was Peter Jackson's best work for *EAGLE* and just a taster of what he would do for Look and Learn magazine a couple of years later. So it was over thirty years later that I decided to take a closer look at the story of General Charles Gordon.

By reason of Gordon's ill-fated mission to Khartoum and the way he died, the public came to regard him as somewhat of a saint. The Jingo press sold him as a shining example of the British Empire, a brilliant soldier, champion of the oppressed, but above all he was an Englishman. There was a huge amount of material published after his death. Among these publications were many boy s' adventure stories portraying Gordon as the hero. *EAGLE* I would imagine, was probably the last boy s' paper to carry the story of Gordon.

Gordon's religious beliefs were the key to his thinking. If things went well he would attribute them to the divine hand guiding him. If they were not going so well he would simply blame his own weakness. Added to his religious beliefs, an intense dislike of authority, a violent temper and a desire for an early grave for most of his life, he does not seem a likely candidate for a children's strip cartoon. However, Chad Varah managed it by sticking to the old Victorian idea of the muscular Christian.

The strip gets off to a good start by displaying Gordon's rebelliousness and quickness of temper, which he was never quite able to lose in adult life. While at Woolwich as a cadet, he was nearly expelled for butting a senior cadet in the stomach and pushing him down a flight of stairs. *EAGLE* shows a similar incident to this at his Grammar school in Taunton. On another occasion he ripped the corporal stripes off his tunic, when his superior accused him of an offence that he did not commit. That *EAGLE* shows him ripping off his epaulettes is a minor discrepancy (E/11/1/f.1).

From Woolwich Gordon went to the Royal Engineers depot at Chatham, followed by a posting at Pembroke Docks in Wales. It was at Pembroke that he struck up a friendship with a certain evangelist by the name of Captain Drew. Drew would form the basis of Gordon's religious thinking that would shape him for the rest of his life. In *EAGLE* we did not see the meeting of these two men; it was probably regarded as unimportant for the reader to know. Instead we move straight on to the Crimea War. Gordon with his new-found faith considered himself prepared for death. Thirty years after the Crimea War he said, "I went to the Crimea hoping without having a hand in it to be killed." Well, he nearly got his wish (E11/2&3). While caught in the crossfire between English and Russian troops, his own men deserted him. As he jumped up to call them back a Russian bullet hit his cap, narrowly missing his head.

Gordon's time in China and his command over the Ever Victorious Army were described accurately and to the point in *EAGLE*. However it did not explain who the Tai-Ping rebels were and why they were fighting the Chinese Government. China had been ruled by the Manchu Dynasty since they had deposed the Ming Dynasty in the seventeenth century. In Southern China lived a tribe of people called the Hakka, who were still sympathetic to the Ming Dynasty. Hung-Hsui-Hung of the Hakka tribe had learned a little of Christianity from the missionaries and believed himself to be the younger brother of Jesus. Hung proclaimed himself Tien-Wang or Heavenly King and his movement Taiping-Tien-Kuo or Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace. Support came from groups such as the Triads and other Ming sympathisers and the rebellion gathered momentum as it swept up through the country.

Following the relief of Chan-Zu, Gordon heard that some of his native troops were looting (E/11/5). "I shall shoot any man who disobeys my order and you know I keep my promises!" he barked at his soldiers. To which one of them replied, "He can't shoot us all -- let's rush him!" Gordon promptly shot one of them, order was restored and that was the end of the matter, or so *EAGLE* would have us believe. But the truth is that all through his command over the Ever Victorious Army he was faced with this sort of dilemma. When training for the assault on Quinsan there was much grumbling in the ranks. First they had been prevented from looting at Chan-Zu, then again at Tai-Tsan, and now they were not allowed to smoke opium or take a little leisure in their favourite brothels. On the morning they were due to leave for Quinsan every officer sent in his resignation. The following morning, when Gordon ordered his forces to parade, only his bodyguard obeyed. A few of the ringleaders were arrested, whereupon several officers withdrew their resignations and resistance broke down. There was always a nagging doubt in Gordon's mind as to the loyalty of his own troops, although allegiances on both sides changed as frequently as the tide. *EAGLE* states, "Some men desert because of Gordon's orders against looting." But in fact 2,000 of his men deserted after Quinsan rather than put up with any more of his severe discipline.

One of Gordon's first tasks after taking command of the Ever Victorious Army was to relieve the garrison of Chan-Zu from the rebels (E11/4). Gordon set off with his flotilla of gunboats and riversteamers (among which was the famous Hyson) to Fu-Shan Creek, a narrow stretch of waterway connecting Chang-Zu with the Yangtze estuary. We have a glimpse of two riversteamers in *EAGLE*. *EAGLE* (11/4/f.4) shows a riversteamer with two funnels leaving for Chan-Zu. Then in *EAGLE* (11/6/f.8) we see a riversteamer with only one funnel, which Gordon identifies as the Hyson. Presumably the first illustration was meant to represent the Hyson as well, but unfortunately I have been unable to determine a true likeness of her. It is a pity that we did not see more of the Hyson in the strip as she played such a big part in the campaign. Armed with 32 pounder guns and 2.8 inch howitzers, she must have been a fearsome sight as she used her paddlewheel to drag herself along the canals and shallow waterways, giving cover to the smaller gunboats.

The American Burgvine's defection, then the eventual slaughter of Moh-Wang's top men by Gordon's ally Li-Hung Chang, closed the chapter on China in *EAGLE*. "He promised me their lives so I gave them my word! The rebellion had to be put down, but what sort of a government have I been serving?" utters Gordon as he burrows his head deep into his cupped hands. (E/11/7/f.5). With the Tai-Ping rebellion behind him the *EAGLE* gives us a brief insight into his charity work at Gravesend with his beloved 'SCUTTLERS'.

HE PROMISED ME THEIR LIVES — SO I GAVE THEM MY WORD! THE REBELLION HAD TO BE PUT DOWN, BUT WHAT SORT OF A GOVERNMENT HAVE I BEEN SERVING?
FORT HOUSE, GRAVESEND, SEVERAL YEARS LATER
THEY'D HAVE SENT ME TO PRISON IF YOU HADN'T SPOKEN UP FOR ME, SIR.
AND I'LL LET THEM IF YOU EVER STEAL AGAIN!

In 1874, on the invitation of the Khedive of Egypt, he went to the Southern Sudan. As Governor of the Province of Equatoria (territory south of Gondokoro on the Upper Nile) he was responsible for developing Egyptian administration and suppressing the slave trade. Although Gordon had partial success with curbing the traffic in human beings, the cards were stacked against him. Life was cheap in the Southern Sudan, and the people who were racially African and Negro accepted that the slave trade was an inevitable part of their lives. So long as there was a demand in the Moslem world the trade would carry on regardless of any attempts to suppress it.

Most of the Egyptian officials were involved in the slave trade in one way or another, including Gordon's deputy Abu-Sauod. Abu-Sauod was a notorious slave trader who had been imprisoned by Sir Samuel Baker, Gordon's predecessor. Peter Jackson's comical portrayal of this corrupt Egyptian official is very good indeed. You can almost feel Abu lying through his gritted teeth as he tells Gordon, "I am good friend of the Government - help in any way I can, General!" Gordon will have none of this, and with a swift boot applied to Abu's backside sends him packing back to Egypt (E/11/8).

Gordon arrives in the Sudan in 1874, and begins setting up military posts, improving communications, pacifying hostile tribes, and arresting slave-traders – but he soon discovers that the Egyptians aren't sincere about abolishing the slave trade . . .
I AM GOOD FRIEND OF THE GOVERNMENT— HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN, GENERAL!
SOMEONE HIGH UP IN THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT SEEMS TO BE HELPING YOU, ABU SAOUD!

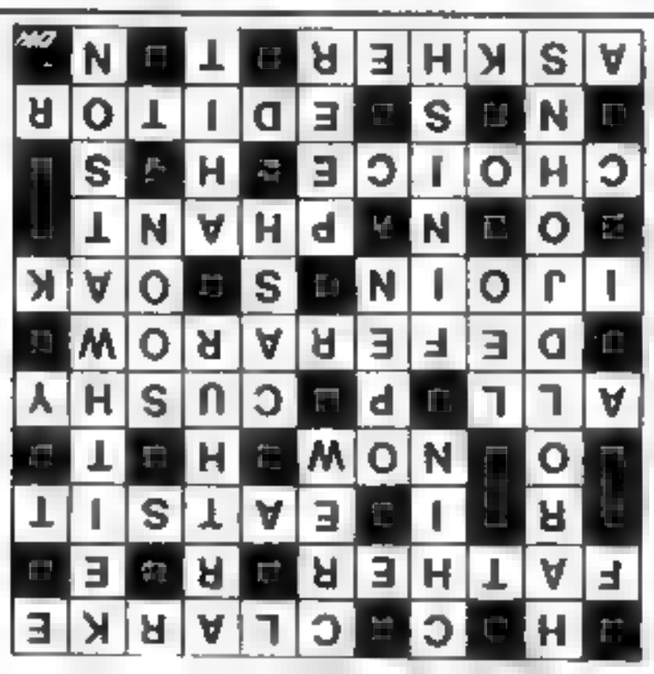
As Governor of Equatoria Gordon had taught the tribal leaders the basics of civilization, promoted legitimate trade between the natives and government in ivory, and mapped the Nile to within sixty miles of its source.

Gordon returned to England for a brief holiday in 1876. He decided that he would not return to the Southern Sudan. If the Khedive wanted him back he would have to give him Khartoum and the governor-generalship of the whole Sudan, not just Equatoria. The Khedive duly agreed and Gordon returned. *EAGLE* covers this period with just six frames, devoted to one of Gordon's many fruitless missions to see King Johanis of Abyssinia.

GO AND TELL YOUR PROTECTORS THAT I'LL STOP YOUR FILTHY TRADE IN SPITE OF THEM — AND, IF YOU ENTER THE SUDAN AGAIN, YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE IT ALIVE!

"The Egyptians are uncooperative about everything and Gordon resigns his position. Posts in India and South Africa do not suit him and he retires to the Holy Land, where the call comes for him to return to the Sudan, torn by a rebellion led by a Moslem religious leader claiming to be Mahdi ('new deliverer')". (E/11/9).

Up to the end of Gordon's time in China the strip had stood up pretty well. But how could his time as Governor of Equatoria, then as Governor General of the Sudan and his eventual death at Khartoum have been adequately explained in the remaining four episodes allocated? This question led me to believe, rightly or wrongly, that MAYBE Chad Varah had considered that the complex political situation of the period plus Gordon's sheer stubbornness over the evacuation of Khartoum would have been too much for the young *EAGLE* reader. On the other hand the strip just simply might have been cut short to make way for Marcus Morris's and Frank Hampson's 'The Road of Courage'. With these two points in mind I wrote to Chad Varah. He very kindly took the time to reply that Gordon's time as Governor of the Sudan was not what they considered 'strippable', and that he thought that I was probably right about 'The Road to Courage' being due to start. ★



ANSWERS

1. Bisto THE BISTO KIDS
2. Phillips Rubber Soles (or heels)
3. Quaker Oats (Puffed Wheat etc.)
4. Ovaltine THE OVALTINE GIRL
5. Drummer Dyes

Slogans – missing words

6. Esso
7. Mackintosh's
8. Seven O'clock
9. Brush - Handle

Pictures

10. Robinson's Barley Water OLD HETHERS
11. Meltonian Shoe Polish
12. Youngers Ales FATHER WILLIAM
13. KiWi Boot Polish
14. Michelin Tyres BIBENDUM

Slogan

15. wonderful

RON TURNER - 40 YEARS OF FANTASTIC ART

Part 4

By

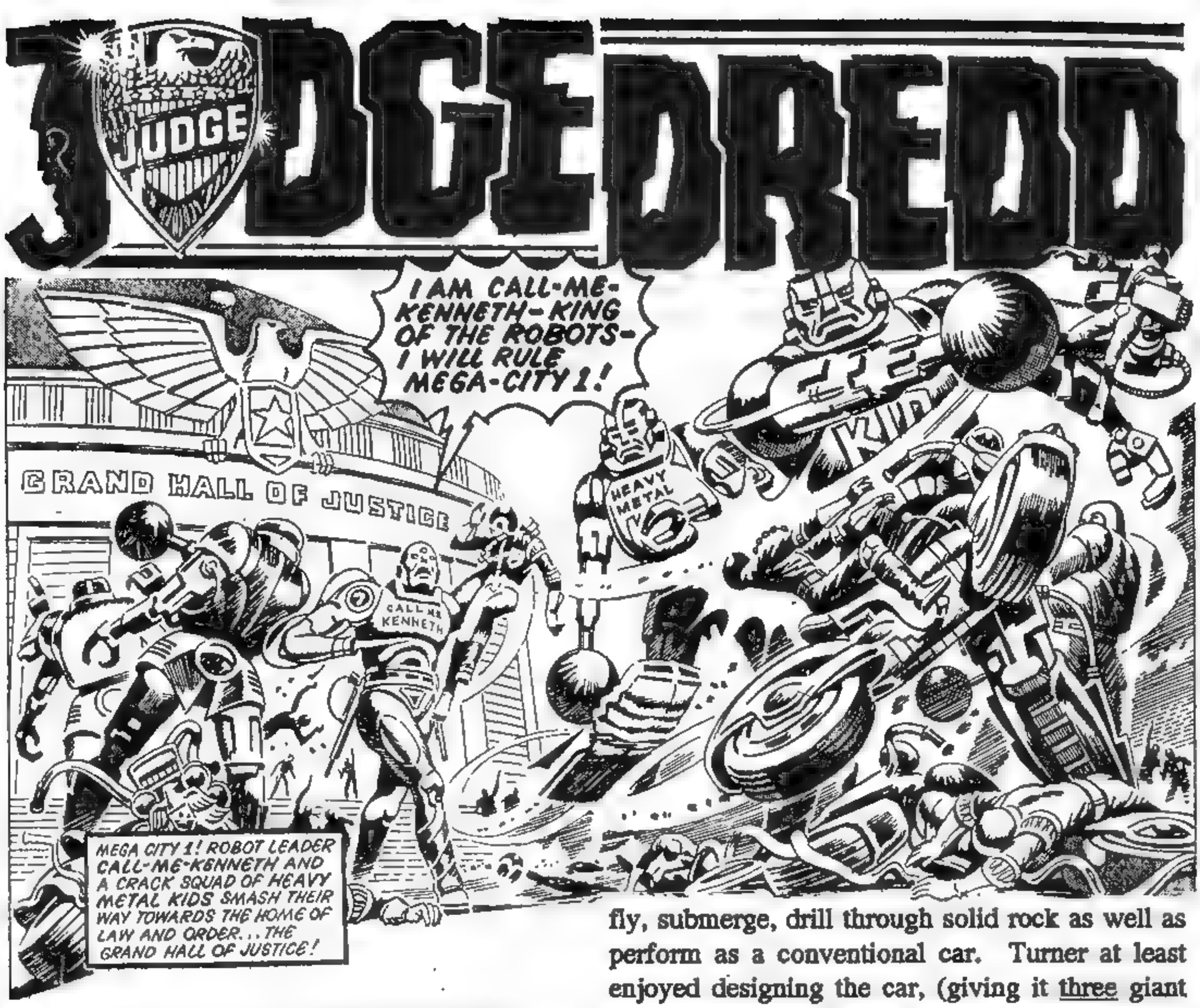
John Lawrence

From the inception of TV21 in 1965 the comic's only main diversion from Gerry Anderson inspired characters was the Dr. Who related, DALEKS strip. This one page colour strip, begun by ex-*EAGLE* artist, Richard Jennings ran for almost a year before his term on it finished, leaving the then current story uncompleted. Turner was given the opportunity to provide the last two pages before another ex-Eagler, Eric Eden was to take over. But, Eden himself was to bow out after only one story and the strip then offered to Turner who, after years with 'CRAFTMASTER', was more than eager to return to sf strips plus the lucrative bonus of colour.

Although no novice in the colour department, it was the first such strip he'd ever worked on and initially, proved quite demanding; the light and shade of black and white now being replaced by colours and tones and having to balance, not only within each frame, but throughout the page as a whole. But this at least was offset by the subject matter, for as the stories basically concerned machines on an alien planet, apart from the Daleks themselves, Turner had free rein to interpret everything else in his own distinctive style. The result was a tour-de-force of his prolific imagination. His ingeniously designed machines, aliens and monsters, set against fantastic backdrops combined with his clever use of colour and impressive layouts to stunning effect. The old idea of standard box-like frames was now abandoned in favour of a more open style; panels merged and borders were eliminated - the subjects forming their own frames. The whole page became a careful construction of vari-shaped frames, some hardly containing their subjects with spacecraft fairly leaping out at the reader. Turner thoroughly enjoyed his time on the strip and regrettably, it didn't last longer, as it remains one of the most impressive pieces of work he has ever produced.

Turner's next assignment was THE ROBOT BUILDERS, in 1967 a two-page serialised strip for AP's TIGER & HURRICANE which, like the DALEKS, had been running for some time before Turner took over. The stories, concerning two brothers who fought criminal masterminds with the aid of their giant purpose built robots, could have been written for him., They were extremely inventive, fast-paced action pieces which Turner found inspiring and, without the time consuming element of colour work, they gave him the opportunity to explore other artistic techniques. Before beginning on each strip, each scene would be considered from a different viewpoint; zoom in/out and rotate in his mind's eye until he came up with the most effective or unusual! Bird's Eye, worm's eye views, overhead shots and some which would appear to be from the most awkward angle imaginable were all included and depicted with spot-on accuracy. The strip also utilised Turner's design skills to the full on all the various machines that were required and as they were usually enormous creations, this enabled him to be economical with the human figure, displaying it matchstick-like against the mighty structures to achieve a sense of proportion.

But the series hadn't been without its problems; Turner's enthusiastic indulgence had been such that on occasions the work had only just met the weekly deadline. AP weren't happy about this and made it clear that 'works of art' were not required - just simple illustrations to accompany the story would do. Turner, like Hampson, ever a perfectionist, stuck to his guns rather than compromise his work, even though it sometimes meant working late into the night to finish in time; for Turner, 'hacking it out' was never considered over quality draughtsmanship. But although there was never an occasion when the work arrived too late to appear, his persistent dedication did give AP's editors something of a headache. Consequently, when the strip finally finished, AP were reluctant to employ him on any more of their comics. The next two years were a lean time for Turner who had found work again for TV21, though not the comic this time, but for annuals and specials. Virtually every strip for the THUNDERBIRDS, CAPTAIN SCARLET and JOE 90 annuals throughout this period were illustrated by him along with other back-up strips such as STAR TREK, THE CHAMPIONS, and LAND OF THE GIANTS. The work may not have been as plentiful as before but the relaxed schedule was more than welcome.


JUDGE DREDD
I AM CALL-ME-KENNETH-KING OF THE ROBOTS- I WILL RULE MEGA-CITY 1!
GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE
CALL ME KENNETH
HEAVY METAL KID
MEGA CITY 1! ROBOT LEADER CALL-ME-KENNETH AND A CRACK SQUAD OF HEAVY METAL KIDS SMASH THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE HOME OF LAW AND ORDER... THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE!

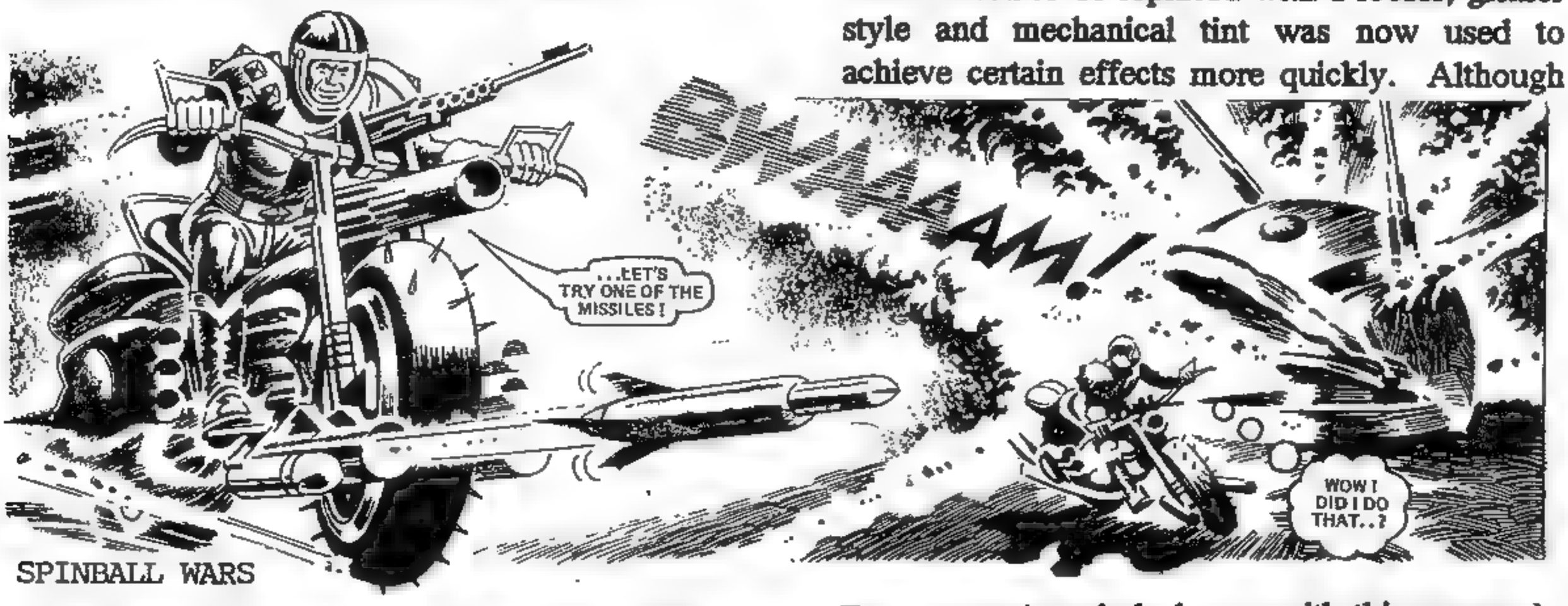
In 1969, IPC took over AP, more changes took place on the editorial front and a new comic was to appear called WHIZZER & CHIPS. Although essentially a juvenile humour paper, it was to feature one adventure strip. With the change in management, Turner's agent decided to make a fresh start in an attempt to provide him again with regular work. As a result, Turner was offered, THE SPACE ACCIDENT which, despite the promising title had little to do with sf and was more of a fantasy about two schoolboys who, upon discovering the glowing wreckage of an alien spacecraft, find they have acquired the power to cause living creatures to grow to an incredible size. So, with stories simply involving giant crabs, spiders, cats and dogs, there wasn't much to fire Turner's imagination, though it did serve to re-establish him with regular work for a top-rate company.

Turner's next strip, WONDERCAR, also for WHIZZER & CHIPS, appeared in the early 70's and was a slight improvement over the last, allowing a little more of his creativity to shine through. Three youngsters meet their professor uncle and find he's invented a vehicle which can fly, submerge, drill through solid rock as well as perform as a conventional car. Turner at least enjoyed designing the car, (giving it <u>three</u> giant drill-heads instead of the one as scripted, which he considered impractical!), together with other machines which the professor would 'invent' during the course of the series. This at least held the interest while the simple plot-lines revolved around fighting bank robbers, cowboys and revolutionaries.

The next half-decade or so were Turner's 'wilderness years', providing more work for WHIZZER & CHIPS of the juvenile adventure type. THE CASTAWAYS, ARCHIES ANGELS, DANNY DREW and HIS DIALLING MAN; all strips which had no sf content, very little action and were a complete waste of his talents. The only positive aspect lay in the fact that the work was easy to produce and consequently, Turner found that he was able to take on more work of a similar nature for other comics of the period; THE TIGERS for TIGER, ROBBY HOOD for COR! AND MALICE IN WONDERLAND for MONSTER FUN. At one point he was effectively producing six pages per week for various publications. - an output he'd never achieved before." So, although the work may have been relatively dull and uninspiring, it

at least resulted in a very lucrative period for which, with a growing family and a mortgage to take care of, Turner was very grateful.

It wasn't until 1977 that Turner was able to return to more mature work. The creation of 2000AD was responsible for this and he soon found himself involved with JUDGE DREDD in the saga of the ROBOT WARS. As each episode of the story ran to five pages per week, the editors decided it would give Turner more time to develop the work if he was to alternate with another artist. Unfortunately, their choice of Mike McMahon meant the two styles were totally at odds with each other; Turner's smooth and sleek, opposed to McMahon's rough and sketchy look. Turner wasn't happy with the arrangement and shortly after the finish of the story, he and 2000AD parted company. But, some of his dramatic action scenes involving the 'mean motorcyclist' hadn't gone unnoticed and when Steve McManus, editor of IPC's sports comic, ACTION, needed an artist for a strip called, THE SPINBALL SLAVES, Turner was drafted in.



SPINBALL WARS

The theme of the strip was based on the film, ROLLERBALL, crossed with the game of pinball. Set in the year 2001, it revolved around Joe Taggart and his team of motorcycling Spinball players, wrongly convicted for the death of an opposing team member. The only way to retain their freedom is to play Spinball as free entertainment for the masses. Unfortunately, the futuristic aspect had little to do with the story which, essentially sports orientated, had endless scenes of the stadium, arena and team in action. But a few weeks later, that was all to change. ACTION folded and merged with BATTLE, IPC's war comic to form BATTLE-ACTION. SPINBALL SLAVES could have been a victim of the merger until Turner, (realising he could be one himself!), suggested that Taggart and his team, could still continue by becoming guerilla fighters under cover of their Spinball activities and so justify their inclusion in the war comic. The idea accepted, Turner set to work redesigning the bikes to take mini-rocket launchers, mortars, machine guns etc., and with a change of name, THE SPINBALL WARS began. The team now embarked on games/missions all over the world and with a constantly changing locale together with action-packed sub-plots, the stories gave him more creative possibilities. As the series progressed, sf themes involving aliens and robots began to creep in and before long, his imagination was once again firing on all cylinders.

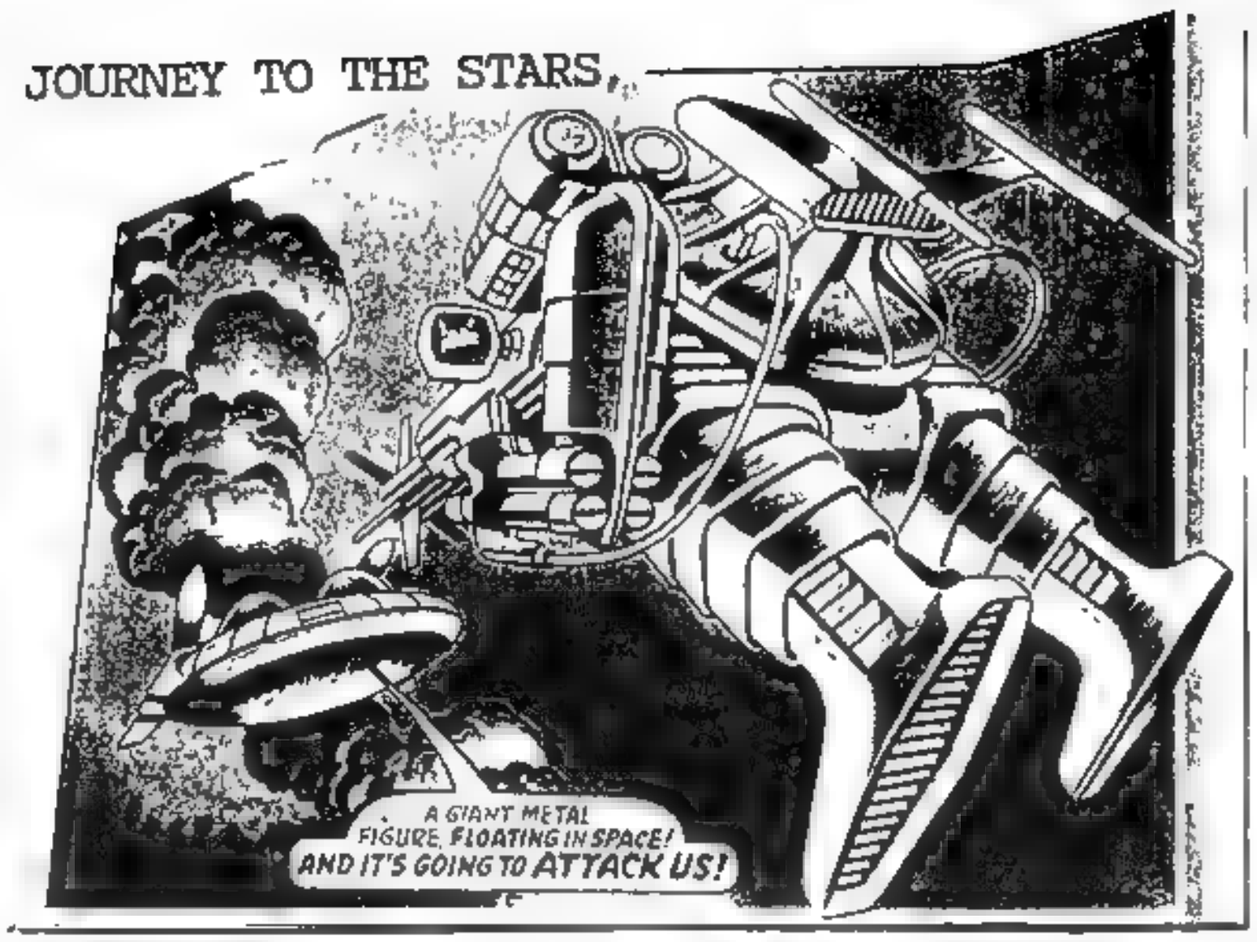
However, Turner was now back on the treadmill of deadline work and required again to produce three, sometimes four, pages per week. A lot older now since the days of THE ROBOT BUILDERS and having neither the desire nor the stamina to put in long hours, techniques had to change. Gone were the smooth lines of his earlier work to be replaced with a looser, grittier style and mechanical tint was now used to achieve certain effects more quickly. Although Turner wasn't entirely happy with this approach, it made life a lot easier and was quite acceptable given the rough, tough imagery of the series.

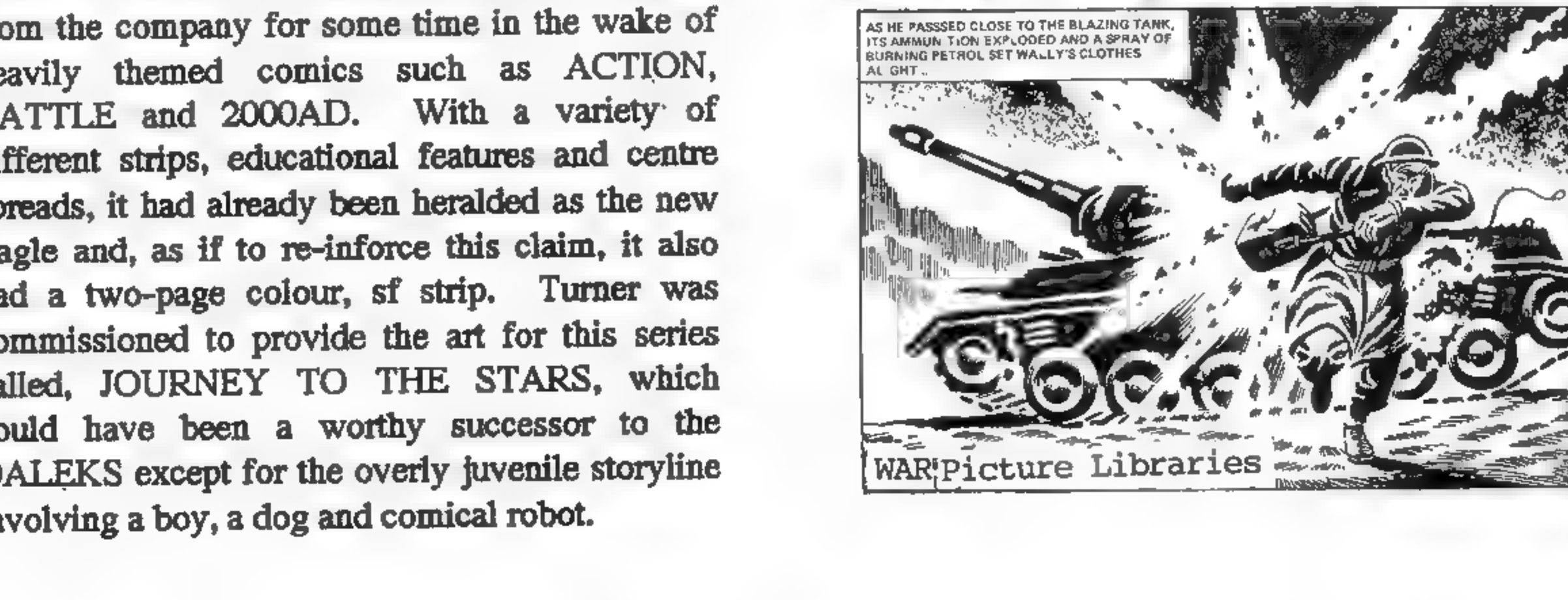
SPINBALL WARS lasted until 1979 but in the middle of the run Turner had been asked to revive RICK RANDOM. The editors at 2000AD had re-discovered the character and, having reprinted a couple of the old Randoms, wanted to bring back the space detective in a new series. A script had been prepared entitled, THE ASTRAL ASSASSIN, and everything was set - except, to their amazement, Turner wasn't interested! To begin with, he didn't agree with revivals; he'd been aghast at the treatment Hampson's hero had received from 2000AD - Dare in name only - and had no wish to see his own character consigned to a similar fate. Random, like Dare, was a

product of the fifties and he should, Turner felt, remain that way. Besides which, he had enough work to contend with already. Despite all this, Turner was assured the script would stay faithful to the original character and he would have plenty of time in which to produce the work.

After much wrangling he finally relented - it was work after all! But, as he suspected, it still wasn't the Random he knew and the eventual artwork reflected his disenchantment with the project; his original clean style with plenty of attention to detail were missing and instead, the rough and gritty appearance he was using on SPINBALL. The story was to run six pages for six weeks but by the last instalment which had effectively changed Random from a space detective into a space commando for a typical 2000AD battle sequence, Turner had had enough. The final part was dashed off by another artist in a style, poles apart from Turner's, ensuring that Random would stay in the fifties forever.

In 1980 a new comic, SPEED, appeared from IPC - one of the first non-genre papers to appear from the company for some time in the wake of heavily themed comics such as ACTION, BATTLE and 2000AD. With a variety of different strips, educational features and centre spreads, it had already been heralded as the new Eagle and, as if to re-inforce this claim, it also had a two-page colour, sf strip. Turner was commissioned to provide the art for this series called, JOURNEY TO THE STARS, which could have been a worthy successor to the DALEKS except for the overly juvenile storyline involving a boy, a dog and comical robot.


JOURNEY TO THE STARS,
A GIANT METAL FIGURE, FLOATING IN SPACE! AND IT'S GOING TO ATTACK US!
THE UGLY SHAPE OF A PANZER MADE HIM DUCK INTO COVER THEN HE SAW IT WAS ON FIRE CLOSE TO IT WERE THREE SHELL CRATERS..
AND THAT'S PROBABLY THE B.G BUILDING THE SERGEANT SPOKE ABOUT THIS MUST BE THE SQUARE..
AS HE PASSSED CLOSE TO THE BLAZING TANK, ITS AMMUNITION EXPLODED AND A SPRAY OF BURNING PETROL SET WALLY'S CLOTHES ALIGHT..
WAR Picture Libraries

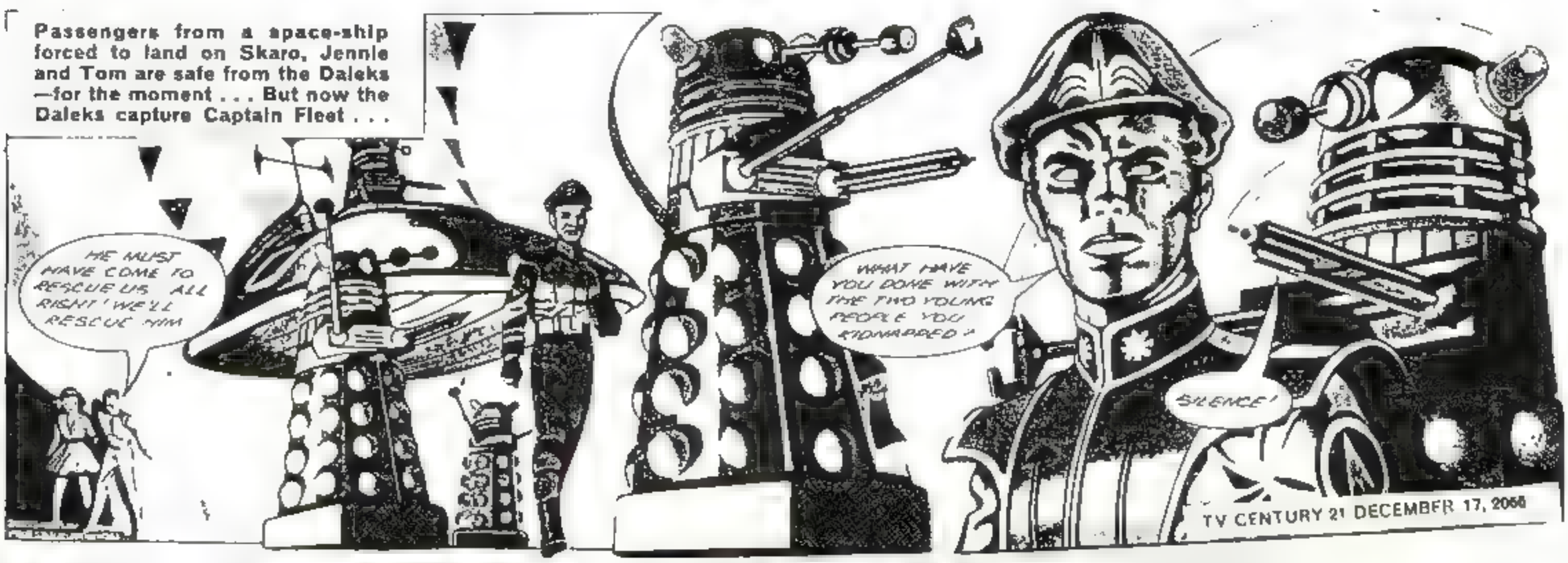


Determined to strengthen their forces, the Daleks scour their planet Skaro to learn its secrets . . .
UNTAPPED RESOURCES OF MOLTEN METAL.. 18 BY 57 DEGREES SOUTH BY SOUTH-WEST.
THE DALEKS
TV CENTURY 21 JULY 2, 2066

Nevertheless, Turner produced a competent enough job with some very effective set-pieces, but overall it was let down by the immature storylines; the readers evidently thought so too as the strip was dropped after a short run. It was replaced by WINNER, which allowed Turner his first illustrative excursion into the world of motor racing. Having an interest in Grand Prix and the drama of the track gave him an enthusiasm for the strip which resulted in the presentation of some spectacular crash scenes. Unfortunately, the strip was doomed along with the rest of the comic when it failed to reach it's minimum circulation figure and finished a few weeks later when it merged with TIGER. But Turner found much more satisfaction from producing WWII material and in 1981 he was able to indulge his passion when he was offered work on the 64 page comic, WAR and BATTLE. A return to Picture Libraries meant the comparative luxury of non-deadline work. It was a period when new material was minimal, the series now relying almost entirely upon reprints. Therefore, Turner was able to take his time and produce some finely detailed work which, over the next three years, amounted to nine excellent issues - a fitting counterpoint to the quality of his sf work 25 years before.

During the past three years Turner had also been involved in a mixed bag of other work; STARK, a football strip for DC Thomson's SCOOP, more juvenile work for WHIZZER & CHIPS and complete stories for the new Eagle and BATTLE- ACTION. But in 1984, many comics had folded and BATTLE-ACTION looked to be the next casualty of a dwindling market until the toy company, MATTELL, stepped in and agreed to float the comic in return for IPC featuring strips to promote their ACTION MAN characters. Turner was offered a four-page weekly strip and was at first reluctant to take on such a heavy workload, but with many artists now chasing fewer commissions, he accepted. However, he wasn't allowed the time to produce his best work and after a gruelling three months not only did the work suffer but also his health. He had no choice but to inform IPC that he would be unable to undertake any more weekly work, only annuals and specials. Turner realised this could mean the end of his comic career and that he should possibly consider work of an entirely different nature. In fact, this wasn't to be the case, for work of a very agreeable kind was to come his way soon from a completely unexpected quarter, and a new phase in his career would begin.

To be concluded...


Passengers from a space-ship forced to land on Skaro, Jennie and Tom are safe from the Daleks —for the moment . . . But now the Daleks capture Captain Fleet . . .
HE MUST HAVE COME TO RESCUE US. ALL RIGHT! WE'LL RESCUE HIM
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE YOU KIDNAPPED?
SILENCE!
TV CENTURY 21 DECEMBER 17, 2066

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

The Dan Dare auction at Christie's on 25th August attracted a lot of attention from the media; indeed the Guardian's article on the preceding Saturday probably drew a lot of additional interest. Many readers sent copies of this,

THE FIRST A

PORTRAIT

In the heat of the Cold War, Dan Dare kept the Mekon at bay with a blend of courtesy and true grit that put Batman to shame. As a set of his storyboards lands in the saleroom, CATHERINE MILNER rediscovers a legend

FORGET that crazy American who liked to dress as a bat. Forget his escort, the knickerbockered runt with a penchant for white terriers. Our hero is as straight as a Saturn rocket: he's brave and tall, diplomatic and unflappable. And he's British from his square jaw to the tips of his thunderbolt eyebrows. From his first appearance in the Eagle in 1950, Dan Dare – or rather Dan MacGregor Dare OUN (Order of the United Nations) – wore the grim expression of the truly intrepid. His creator Frank Hampson, cast him in the mould of an RAF fighter pilot. But Dan was no mere Spitfire man: his time was the future – or rather the present. For many of Hampson's stories looked to a time 40 years ahead. And that, improbable though it may seem, makes Dan Dare our contemporary.

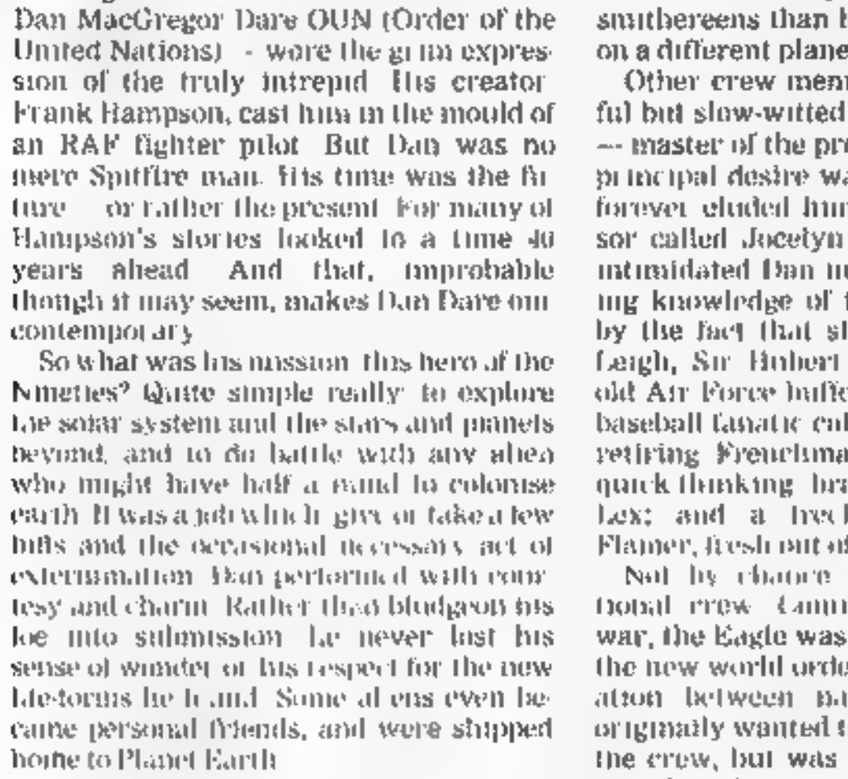
So what was his mission, this hero of the Nineties? Quite simple really: to explore the solar system and the stars and planets beyond, and to do battle with any alien who might have half a mind to colonise earth. It was a job which, give or take a few hills and the occasional necessary act of extermination, Dan performed with courtesy and charm. Rather than bludgeon his foe into submission, he never lost his sense of wonder or his respect for the new lifeforms he found. Some of ems even became personal friends, and were shipped home to Planet Earth.

Alan Vince is a Dan Dare acolyte. "A lot of people say Dan's rather straight and think of him as a goody goody who could do no wrong. But he suffered a lot too. It was his human characteristics that made him so popular." His formidable enemy was the King of the North Venus. The Mekon was a green reptile with an absurdly large cranium who embodied evil as much as Dan embodied virtue. In post-war Britain, the Mekon was likened to Adolf Hitler, not least because he ruled over a race (the Treens) who were unscrupulous in their tactics and devoid of emotion. Like all good serial enemies, the Mekon was impossible to kill. No sooner had Dan apparently dispatched him once and for all by blasting him into smithereens than he would pop up again on a different planet altogether.

Other crew members included a faithful but slow-witted sidekick called Digby – master of the prosaic comment, whose principal desire was for a quiet life that forever eluded him; a glamorous professor called Jocelyn Mabel Peabody, who intimidated Dan more by her breathaking knowledge of the stratosphere than by the fact that she looked like Vivien Leigh; Sir Hubert Gascoigne Guest, an old Air Force buffer; a cheery American baseball fanatic called Hank; a sober and retiring Frenchman called Lafayette; a quick thinking brawly Irishman called Lex; and a freckled stripling called Flamer, fresh out of Astral College.

Not by chance was this an international crew. Coming straight after the war, the Eagle was intended to represent the new world order of peace and cooperation between nations. Hampson had originally wanted to include a Russian in the crew, but was forbidden to do so by the editor because of the Cold War. "I always have the UN working well in my stories, even though it doesn't in reality," Hampson once commented.

The Eagle was the brainchild of the Rev Marcus Morris, a vicar from Lan



TAKE THAT! Dan Dare (main frame) dispatches an alien stowaway with a gentlemanly left hook. Such foes were easily vanquished, but Dan's arch enemy, the Mekon (left), had an annoying habit of bouncing back in every new episode

which had been prepared with Alan Vince's assistance, although he does not accept responsibility for the errors, such as the Mekon being "the King of Venus"! Alan, incidentally, was the grateful recipient of a board purchased for him through the sale by singer Elaine Page, whose fan club is run by Alan. I had the pleasure of meeting Elaine with Alan after a performance of "Piaf" in Leatherhead. A remarkable show, thoroughly recommended. RIC.

CTION HERO

Y, CHUM — BUT YOU CAN'T TRAVEL HIS LINE WITHOUT A TICKET !

cashire who wanted to engender Christian values among the young, using what he recognised as one of the most powerful mediums of the day. 'Twenty big pages eight of them in full colour, made the Eagle the most glamorous British comic yet. And with it, Morris led a crusade against American imports which had appalled him with their "deplorable, nastily over violent and obscene contents". The Eagle, he believed, could "convey to a child the right kind of standards, values and attitudes, combined with the necessary amount of excitement and adventure." Thus was born Dan Dare, an extension of a character called Lex Christian a flying parson from the East End of London who had appeared in earlier papers edited by Morris.

The Eagle was a phenomenal success, selling as many as 800,000 copies a week. It was a bizarre concoction of Bible stories, cowboys and Indians, and journeys into outer space, interspersed with educational features on the workings of gas turbines, nuclear power or radar.

Alan Vince attests to the Eagle's educational validity. "Schools respected the Eagle because it was intellectual. It was *the* thing to have. I never took mine into school because it was sure to get nicked. Even the teachers used to read it, some even based lessons around it."

Walt Disney is said to have joked "I am Mickey Mouse", and Dan Dare manifested some of Hampson's characteristics. Dan he said, was the man he wanted to be, although dim Digby was the man he feared he was.

Certainly there were physical similarities between Hampson and Dare. Both had the same turned-up nose, and Dan's dramatic eyebrows echoed a scar on one of Hampson's temples. Hampson had wanted to be a pilot himself during the war, but only saw active service in the army. It was the inspiration of seeing German rockets that triggered his interest in space travel.

The moon featured surprisingly little in the Dan Dare stories, perhaps because by 1950 it had already been established that it was without life. Stories set on Pluto or Neptune were equally rare because, as Alan Vince points out, "there was too much ice and gas". Venus was the focus of Hampson's attentions. "It was the big mystery planet of the early Fifties," says Vince. "Frank felt sure that there was life on Venus, under the clouds.

"He believed there were two races divided by walls of fire. The Therons were humanoid and civilised and liked all the nice things in life, the reptilian Treens were descended from dinosaurs."

Frank felt Mars was boring because it had been proved to be dead. But he wandered into make believe, creating planets like Crypton and Thanatos. "Science had started to catch up with fiction," says Vince. "Invention was safer."

Because the stories were set in the Nineties, it is amusing to reflect on their scientific predictions. On Wednesday Christies the auctioneers are holding a sale of original Dan Dare storyboards and one of the strips shows an electric toothbrush. Concorde is seen blasting into the skies in a strip from 1958, ten years before its actual launch by British Aerospace. And in another, aliens bump around in a vehicle that looks uncannily like a modern desert buggie.

The influence of Dan Dare on subsequent sci-fi films and comics has been far-reaching: the Darth Vader story strand in Star Wars, for instance, clearly resembles one of Hampson's tales about how Dan Dare goes in search of his father who got lost on an extra-terrestial mission. Star Trek adopted the idea of the tele-sender ("Beam me up, Scottie"), by means of which human beings could be transmitted by radio from one place to another. Television programmes like Stingray, Thunderbirds and Dr Who all owed much of their inspiration to the first astro-explorer of them all.

ALTHOUGH as many as 10 different artists had drawn Dan Dare by the time the Eagle folded in 1969, Hampsom was the most distinguished. His imagination was focussed into paintings that are impressively detailed and richly coloured. All over the Christies storyboards one can see the cutting and rubbing-out that betray how he agonised over the smallest details. But his perfectionism cost him his job, and after 10 years his place was taken by artists who worked quicker.

While price estimates for the Christies storyboards - they range between £100 and £600 — suggest a resurgence of interest in Fifties heroes, for some people Dan Dare has never really died. The Eagle Times Group, a club with 200 members, meets each year. Over dinner, aficionados discuss again the genealogy of their favourite characters and the details of their greatest adventures.

And when it comes to Hampson's best known creation, there's no shortage of "facts" to chew over. For instance, Dan is known to have lived in Southport. He came from a family of warriors who fought at the battle of Edgehill and later under Prince Charles in the 1745 rebellion. He was educated at Manchester, Trinity and Harvard where he studied astrophysics, and

Wait a minute. You can't be sniggering at such rectitude? Dan Dare, don't forget, was the first hero of the Nineties. G

Letters and Sales/Wants to:

Keith Howard

25a Station Road

Harrow, Middlesex HA1 2UA

Dear *EAGLE TIMES*,

First may I thank 'Hawk Books Publications' for introducing me to the Society. I wrote to them after purchasing 'The Reign of the Robots', asking them if there was such a thing as a 'Dan Dare Club' or similar. The *EAGLE SOCIETY's* address was then forwarded to me.

My interest in Dan Dare and the *EAGLE* was rekindled by the loan of Alastair Crompton's 'The Man who Drew Tomorrow' to me by a fellow 'Eaglist'. I was totally fascinated, and immediately purchased my own copy. That was the start of my meagre 'Dan Dare' collection. I have since bought all of the 'Hawk Book' publications (I have no original stuff!)

I was 11 years old when the first *EAGLE* was published. An avid comic reader, I was well into American comics at the time. My favourite 'yankee' comic was Captain Marvel (something friendlier about him than Superman!). He still is my favourite super-hero. I cursed when D.C. Comics 'killed' him off.

Walking into my local newsagent's with a long-gone friend, we spotted the *EAGLE* standing out like a rainbow beacon on the counter. Well, it had to be American, didn't it? I mean British comics weren't that colourful. What a surprise to see that 'Dan Dare' was English! Raking through our grey flannel shorts pockets' we came up with a penny-ha'penny each and bought it. Memory lets me down regarding the history of that first issue (wish I still had it!) and so the *EAGLE* became a regular visitor to my home until the age of fifteen when it was considered to be 'cissy' to read comics. Of course, I was totally wrong.

I am ashamed to say that I never purchased another *EAGLE* until the present day when I bought the new Keith Watson stories. When he stopped I bought just a couple more copies, noticed the drop in artwork standards and although admiring David Pugh's technical ability as an artist, I didn't like the new version Dan in the glossy new EAGLE.

Then I started purchasing the 'Hawk Books', noticing that the reproduction seemed to get better with each volume and I caught up with all those 'Dan dare' stories I had missed many years ago. Also couldn't help realising how much Frank Hampson's work had improved between 1950 to 1957. More and more detail - Dan becoming less of a cartoon character, more like a real person.

Although I readily agree that Frank, as a science fiction illustrator, has never been surpassed, I believe there is, still alive, an artist who could be considered his equal. His name is R. W. Jobson. I remembered, as a devoted Dan Dare fan, in Christmas 1952, a very considerate sister bought a book as a present called "Captain 'Space' Kingley". Initially I was disappointed that it wasn't an *EAGLE* publication, but to my great delight, I was amazed at the quality of the illustrations. The book blurb boasted 'that the illustrations were like real photographs'. They were only slightly exaggerated. Although 'Space' was an obvious clone-type of Dan Dare, there was no plagiarism on behalf of Jobson. His spaceships were his own design; beautiful, shining, needle-shaped creations and the cutaway drawing explained how they worked. N.A.S.A. must have copied his spacesuits because there is more than a passing resemblance to their moon-suits (Dan's always reminded me of diving suits!). And again cutaways showed how they functioned.

His draughtsmanship on architecture is outstanding. I was very lucky to find two annuals in 'Forever People' (a specialised bookshop in Bristol).

I hope this letter starts a controversy in the 'Postbag' of who was the best science fiction illustrator - Hampson or Jobson.

Thanks for a great fanzine. The *EAGLE TIMES* is a fascinating read on quality paper - well worth collecting.

Yours faithfully,

GORDON MATTHEWS Bristol)

E.T. *Glad you discovered us, Gordon, and we hope to be featuring an article on Rob Jobson in a future issue.*

Dear *EAGLE TIMES*,

I always look forward to the arrival of *EAGLE TIMES* in my letterbox. Each issue seems better than the one before and the Summer '93 edition was no exception.

I was especially intrigued by Charles Evans-Gunther's article, "And yours Truly - Daniel McGregor Dare," and would like to offer the enclosed piece for publication by way of a reply.

The picture of Dan's wedding to the ever-lovely Jocelyn Peabody was both impressive and amusing. A pity the artist doesn't get a credit. It would also be good to have included a key to who's who. While we know or can guess most of them, there are a few faces there which might not be readily identifiable to everyone.

The first part of the series on Frank Bellamy was also very good. Terry Doyle, Steve Holland and David Jackson have done a very thorough job, and I'm looking forward to the rest of the series.

All the very best,

DAVID AMPLEFORD (Auckland, New Zealand)

E.T. *The article by Charles, certainly caused much interest from the membership and this is one of many letters out of it. Regarding "The Wedding", we were asked not to name the artist or writer. There is a possibility that the full strip story will come from the same source!*

Dear *EAGLE TIMES*,

Perhaps I could air my views about the non-availability of the Hawk reprint books, since these are so difficult to find. I am told that a new one, 'The Reign of the Robots', is out - but where, might I ask? I have tried to get it in local bookshops, including W.H.Smith, but they have no record of it. The same story was told of 'Rogue Planet' which I have also been unable to buy, although I am informed was available in some parts of the country.

Like many, I suppose, I had put the non-appearance of these down to the report that Hawk had gone out of business. If that has happened, or is about to happen, it is hardly surprising if his distribution is so poor that sales figures are disappointing - you have to get the product to the people who want to buy it! It's no good you saying to me "Well, you can order it through the post", as anyone who has done that in the past will tell you that Hawk doesn't know how to parcel books properly and they invariably arrive damaged. This, by the way, is the reason W.H. Smith's Head Office gave to me for their branches no longer stocking Hawk Books - they couldn't sell the damaged copies to their customers, and when returned the damaged copies were only replaced with more damaged copies! These books are so splendidly produced (even though they have clearly used less than perfect *EAGLEs* at times) that we all want to buy them, and indeed their publication deserves our support, but it is frustrating that so little care is taken about distribution and packaging.

'EAGLE TIMES' continues to be a fairly good read, at least the bits that interest me. I cannot, however, understand what that series about Ron Turner is doing between your covers, since it has no connection with *EAGLE* whatever. The cover of the summer issue was very striking and the article on Frank Bellamy looks promising, as far as one can tell from a listing of strips, but why on earth do the pages have those dreadful black borders around them? They detracted from the style of the rest of the magazine and I advise you not to repeat them for the rest of the series.

The 'Tunnel of Terror' story looked to have been well-written and nicely illustrated, but I haven't read it as I don't like readers' own stories being published - more waste of your space, I'm afraid.

My favourite pieces in the summer issue (yes, there were some!)? Derek Lord's and Ken Webb's recollections and the letters from Chad Varah and Bruce Cornwell - more of this sort of thing, please.

Best wishes, RUPERT ARCHER (Sherdofal, Hampshire)

E.T. Your tough but straightforward criticisms have been duly noted, Rupert so probably a reader will be able to advise you where you can obtain copies of the Hawk Books.

Dear *EAGLE TIMES*,

I feel that I need to clarify my position with respect to some comments made by Bruce Cornwell in the summer issue referring to the Epsom Weekend of '92. Whilst staying at the White House Hotel in Epsom a 'forum' session was held. This is a friendly 'question and answer' session that is often both informative and good fun. During the course of the evening we were informed by, I believe, Greta Tomlinson, that, in her eyes, Bruce Cornwell had been cheeky, not necessarily the same as disrespectful, towards Frank Hampson by referring to him as "Bub".

Upon re-reading my article I see that I have put "... quite cheeky" when perhaps "... cheeky" would have sufficed. And for this many apologies to Bruce.

However, I would just like to add that I see my job, as chronicler of these events as being one where the finished article is both informative and entertaining and as such people read the article more than once! With this in mind I included the "Bub" remark because I felt that it added a little 'je ne sais qoi' to my general ramblings.

Yours, RICHARD SHEAF (Hampton)

E.T. Thank you, Richard, for setting the record straight.

Dear ***EAGLE TIMES***.

Since joining the ***EAGLE TIMES*** subscribers I have been able to achieve an ambition that has been almost impossible. I have recently purchased over 200 plus original *EAGLE* comics from No. 7 to Vol. 13, not quite all of them of course but sufficient to keep me reading for some many months.

Firstly I must thank yourselves for placing the information regarding who to contact and secondly to Robert Robertson who had advertised in your journal and took my word despatching the ***EAGLEs*** without any money from me. As I said to him, if you cannot trust an *EAGLE* fan, who can you?

Robert has sent me many from the early years and it was much appreciated. However, this is where life must have turned for me as whilst in Sheffield on holiday I visited Tilbury Vintage Comics, 281 Shoreham Street, Sheffield SI 455 (Tel. 0742 752 442) and to my absolute amazement there were ***EAGLEs*** going from Vol. 4 onwards and I bought the lot. Tony at the shop now keeps me advised of any that come into his hands to ensure that I keep my collection up to date. May I say also that the prices quoted by Robert and Tony are very fair.

Finally a story which may not be of too much interest to you but ...in the earlier ***EAGLEs*** there is an advertisement for Kolynos toothpaste in which a boy and girl solve a crime and you are invited to send your answers in to win a prize. The characters' names were Ken and Kitty and the artist and artwork person was my father who worked at that company for almost 50 years in the printing department.

His name was Ken and my mother's name was Kitty. It has taken 40 years for me to find this out ... so thanks for that as well. (I was only six at the time so could not have known about it).

Yours sincerely, CLIVE STEWART (Sudbury, Suffolk)

Dear ***EAGLE TIMES***,

On the train back to Yarmouth recently I was sitting in a carriage innocently reading my Rogue Planet book, when suddenly my reverie was shattered by a large gentleman about my age who had noticed the ***EAGLE*** book in my hands and descended on me with the cry of "Oh, I remember ***EAGLE***". As we talked enthusiastically, I told him about the ***EAGLE*** Society and its activities, and passed on Howard's address. Did this ex-Eagler eventually get in touch, I wonder? I certainly hope so, because there are clearly hundreds out there who grew up with ***EAGLE*** and would love to subscribe to our ***EAGLE SOCIETY***. So next time you travel on a bus, train or plane, dear Members, don't forget to take an ***EAGLE*** book with you ...

Yours thoughtfully, ANDREW COFFEY (Great Yarmouth)

E.T. You certainly did a great publicity job for us, Andrew.

ALMOST NIGHT AND I HAVEN'T HAD MY SAUSAGE ROLLS!
WE FOLLOWERS OF
GREAT THINGS, ILLUSTRIOUS E OUR HATED ENEMIES HAVE CAP- TURED THREE LEGIONNAIRES AT E
THIS TIME WE RIDE ON THE CURSED ONES—AND BLOW THEM TO ETERNITY!
WITH THE RISING MOON, THE DESERT FEUD REACHES ITS CLIMAX. THE BLACK ROBED TRIBESMEN SWARM TO EL AFRIT PASS
—INCONVEN ENCE— SERGEANT, BUT YOUR
TO THOSE EXPLOSIVES, BUT
THEY'LL MAKE SAUSAGE MEAT OF YOU.
THAT WE SHALL SEE MY FRIENDS AND NOW FAREWELL — UNTIL WE MEET
I DON'T THINK SO. THE MOON'S JUST ABOUT AT ITS HIGHEST. IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY OF ESCAPE.
ARE OUR HATED
FEUD FOR ALL TIME!
THIS IS IT, MES ENFANTS. WHEN I SHOUT, THROW YOURSELVES TO THE GROUND. IT'S OUR ONE CHANCE
BISMILLAH! THOSE BLACK VULTURES HAVE TRACKED US DOWN—TO ARMS!
WE MADE IT! NOW GRAB THE CAMELS AND GET AWAY!

EAGLE TIMES READERS RESEARCH POLL

To help us provide a magazine more to your liking, please fill in this questionnaire, indicating how well you feel we have performed over the last year, by giving marks out of ten for each item:

	Marks
Cover Design	____
Paper Quality	____
Type-setting	____
Layout	____
Illustrations - *EAGLE* reproductions	____
Illustrations - Non *EAGLE*	____
Editorials	____
EAGLE Scriptwriters - careers	____
EAGLE Artists - careers	____
EAGLE Background stories eg. (Ken Webb - Derek Lord)	____
Members Fiction eg. (Tunnel of Terror)	____
Members Memories	____
Dinner Reports	____
Postbag	____
Bubbles (on photographs and *EAGLE* frames)	____
New Book Reviews	____
EAGLE Stories (analysed)	____
Articles on ephemera eg. (Jig Saws - Toys etc.)	____
Foreign *EAGLEs*	____
Non *EAGLE* Artists eg. (Ron Turner - R.W.Jobson)	____
EAGLE contributors, non *EAGLE* work	____
'What the Papers Say'	____
Other Hulton Publications e.g. (*Girl* - *Swift* etc.)	____
Non *EAGLE* Scriptwriters e.g. (Sydney Jordan etc.)	____
Radio Stories with *EAGLE* connections e.g. (PC49 - Journey into Space)	____
Features on *EAGLE* characters	____
Articles from and about the fifties	____

Please could you also indicate,

Your favourite *EAGLE* character, ...

How you feel we handle serial features,	a. Well	b. Reasonable	c. Poor.
Whether you feel the present E.T. subscription value is,	a. Good	b. Reasonable	c. Poor.
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Any other ideas you may have for an improved magazine, ...

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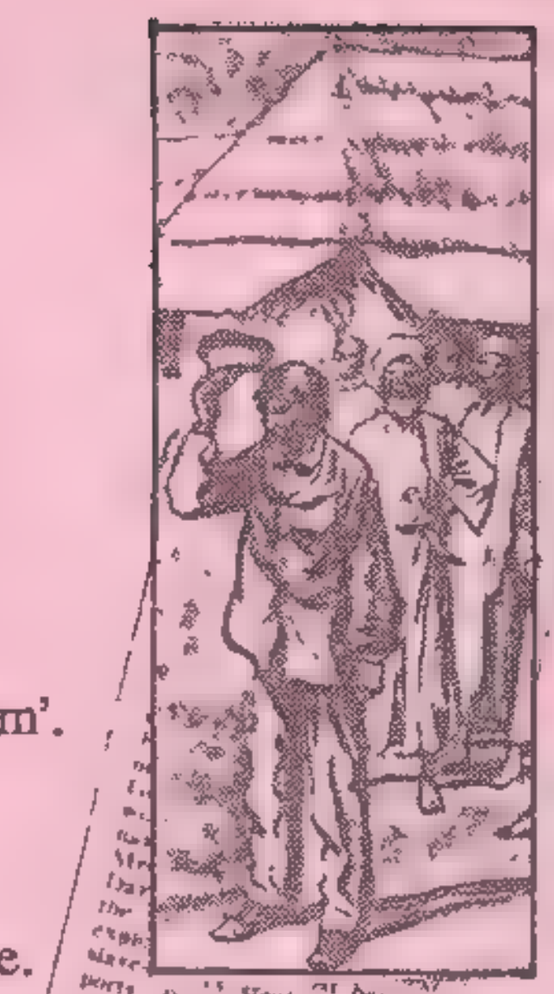
EAGLE TIMES
1994 SOCIAL DIARY

Meet
Jack Daniels
Frank Bellamy, Will Nickless
Norman Thelwell
Don Harley, Ashwell Wood
PC49, Jack O'Lantern
and the Assassins
Dan Dare in Epsom
Australia and Dutch Eagles
Keith Howard's 'Black Museum'
Woman of the Worlds
Dandies in the Eagle

...AND BRING YOUR RIFLES
His fingers tightly grasped the deadly white bundle
SIX ... SEVEN... EIGHT! CRUMBS – WHAT A RACKET!
SPACEFLEET HEADQUARTERS, EARTH...

THE EAGLE SOCIETY ANNUAL DINNER

The Old Palace · Lincoln



Our annual dinner in 1994 will be held in the city of Lincoln at Edward King House, which is part of the Cathedral grounds. All being well, our special guests will be the Rev. Dr Chad Varah and Mr Peter Jackson respectively writer and artist of Eagle's back page biographical strips 'The Great Explorer' and 'Gordon of Khartoum'.

Included in the weekend programme is a guided tour of Lincoln Minster, one of the finest mediaeval buildings in Europe. There will also be a chance to visit the nearby Castle.

Applications for places will be strictly on a first come, first served basis. The dates will be Saturday 16 April and Sunday 17 April 1994. The cost of dinner, overnight accommodation, breakfast and lunch at Edward King House will amount of £65 per person. Please send your cheque, made out to the Eagle Society to David Gould, 20 Dormans Park Road, East Grinstead RH19 2EN by 31st January 1994. If you require an acknowledgement please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

When booking, please indicate whether you wish to have the set menus for Saturday's dinner (pork) and Sunday's lunch (roast beef) or vegetarian. Further details will be sent out to members nearer the date.

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Name **Telephone**

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Please tick boxes

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Please indicate your preferences

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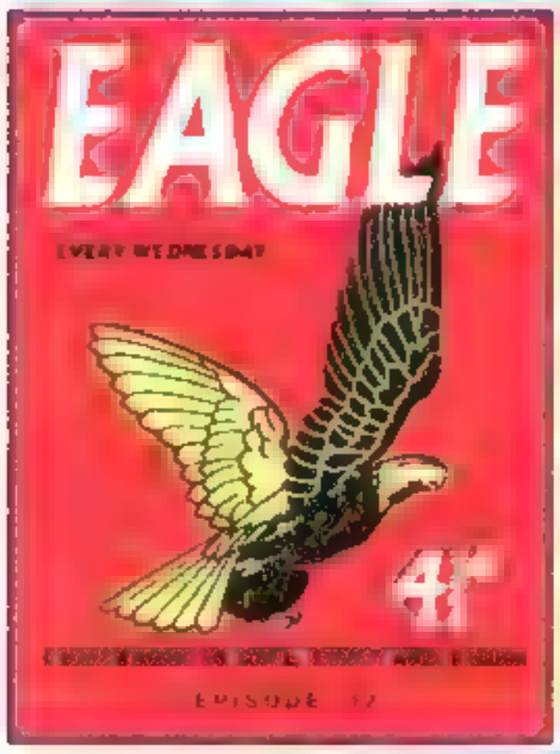
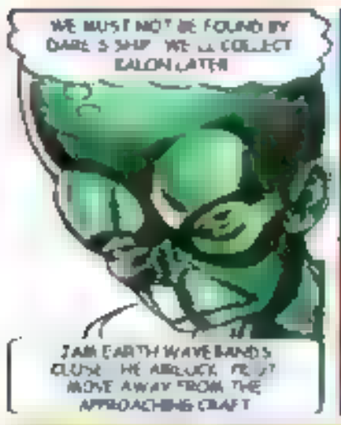
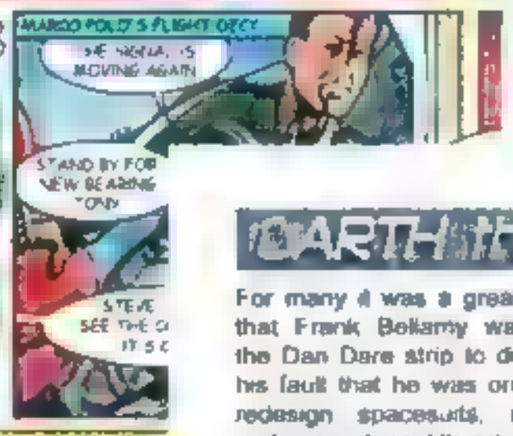
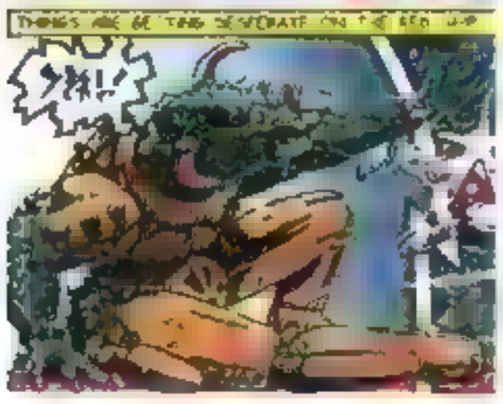
BRITAIN'S FOREMOST NATIONAL STRIP CARTOON WEEKLY




WE MUST NOT BE FOUND BY DARE'S SHIP WE'LL COLLECT FALON LATER
JAM EARTH WAVE BANDS CLOSE HE ARE LOCK FIGHT MOVE AWAY FROM THE APPROACHING CRAFT





JOURNEY INTO SPACE by Charles Chilton

Art by Tacconi **PLANET OF FEAR** EPISODE 15

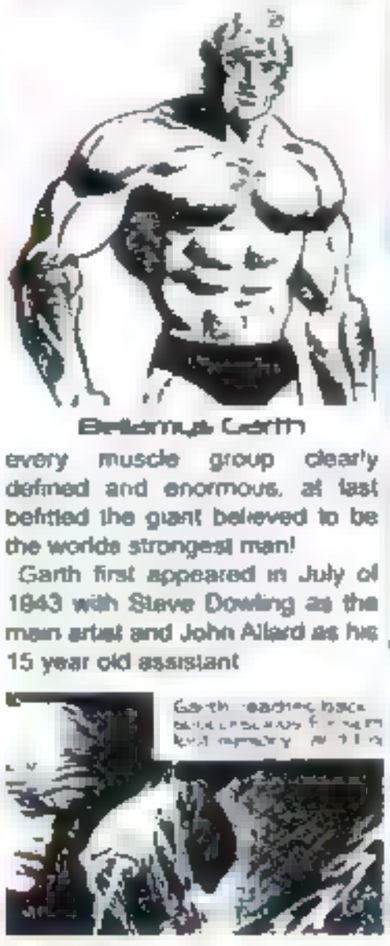
EAGLE - BRITAIN'S NATIONAL STRIP CARTOON WEEKLY

EARTH the Bellamy Years by Dave Westaway

For many it was a great shame that Frank Bellamy was given the Dan Dare strip to draw. Not his fault that he was ordered to redesign spacesuits, uniforms and spaceships. His artwork was thrilling dynamic, amazing but it wasn't the Dan Dare that the fans loved and for that Bellamy had to take the blame - we fans knew nothing of editorial commands.

But some years later, in 1971 Bellamy was given another chance at redefining a Major character and this time it DID meet with the fans approval.

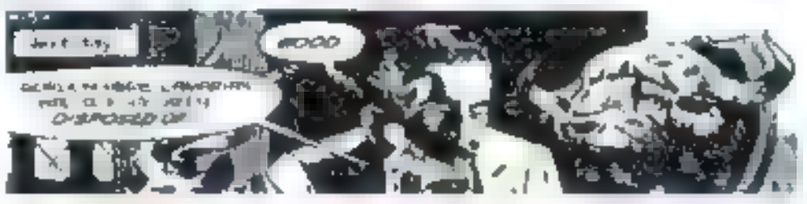
The character was Garth and Bellamy's portrayal of him, with



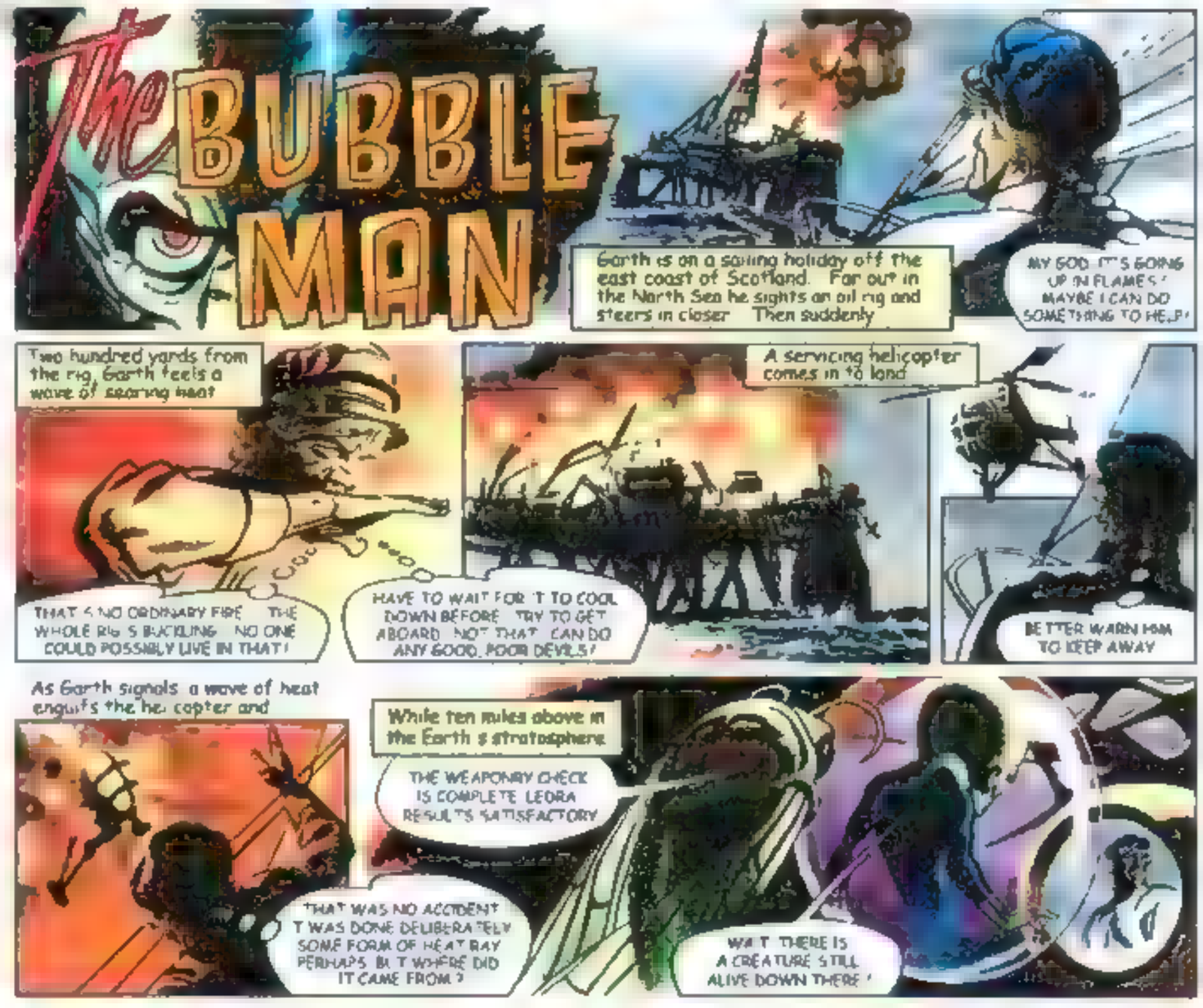
Bellamy's Garth

every muscle group clearly defined and enormous, at last befitted the giant believed to be the worlds strongest man!

Garth first appeared in July of 1943 with Steve Dowling as the main artist and John Allard as his 15 year old assistant.



The BUBBLE MAN


Garth is on a sailing holiday off the east coast of Scotland. Far out in the North Sea he sights an oil rig and steers in closer. Then suddenly
MY GOD IT'S GOING UP IN FLAMES! MAYBE I CAN DO SOMETHING TO HELP!
Two hundred yards from the rig, Garth feels a wave of searing heat
THAT'S NO ORDINARY FIRE. THE WHOLE RIG IS BLAZING. NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY LIVE IN THAT!
A servicing helicopter comes in to land
HAVE TO WAIT FOR IT TO COOL DOWN BEFORE TRY TO GET ABOARD. NOT THAT CAN DO ANY GOOD. POOR DEVILS!
BETTER WARN HIM TO KEEP AWAY
As Garth signals a wave of heat engulfs the helicopter and
While ten miles above in the Earth's stratosphere
THE WEAPONRY CHECK IS COMPLETE LEORA RESULTS SATISFACTORY
THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT IT WAS DONE DELIBERATELY SOME FORM OF HEAT RAY PERHAPS BUT WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
WAIT THERE IS A CREATURE STILL ALIVE DOWN THERE!

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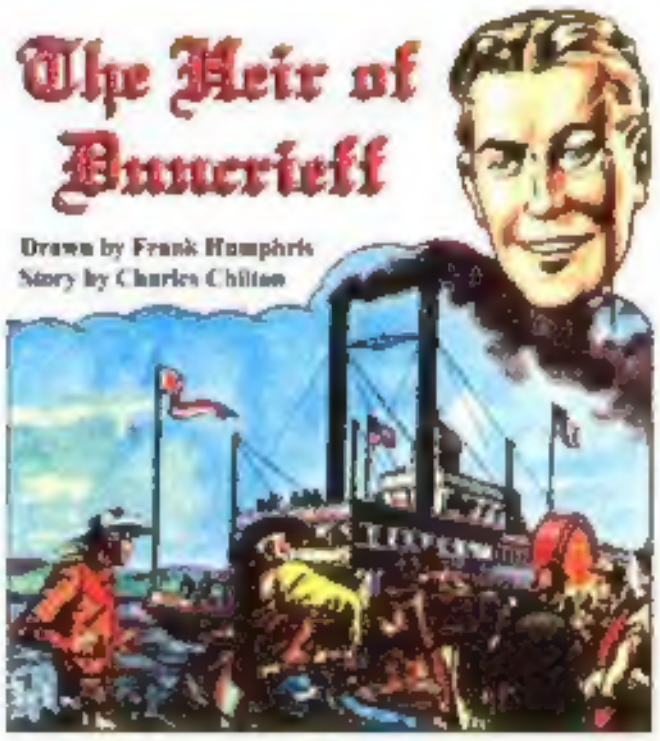

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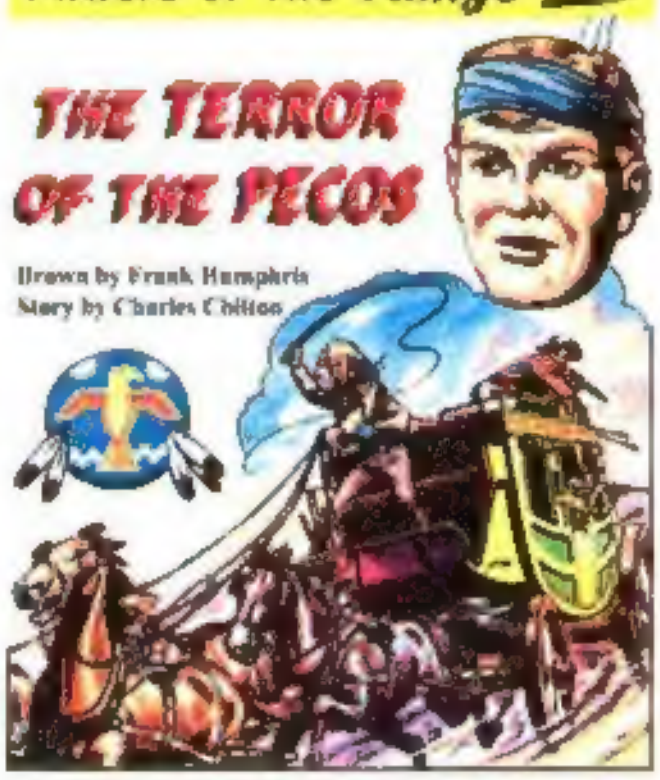

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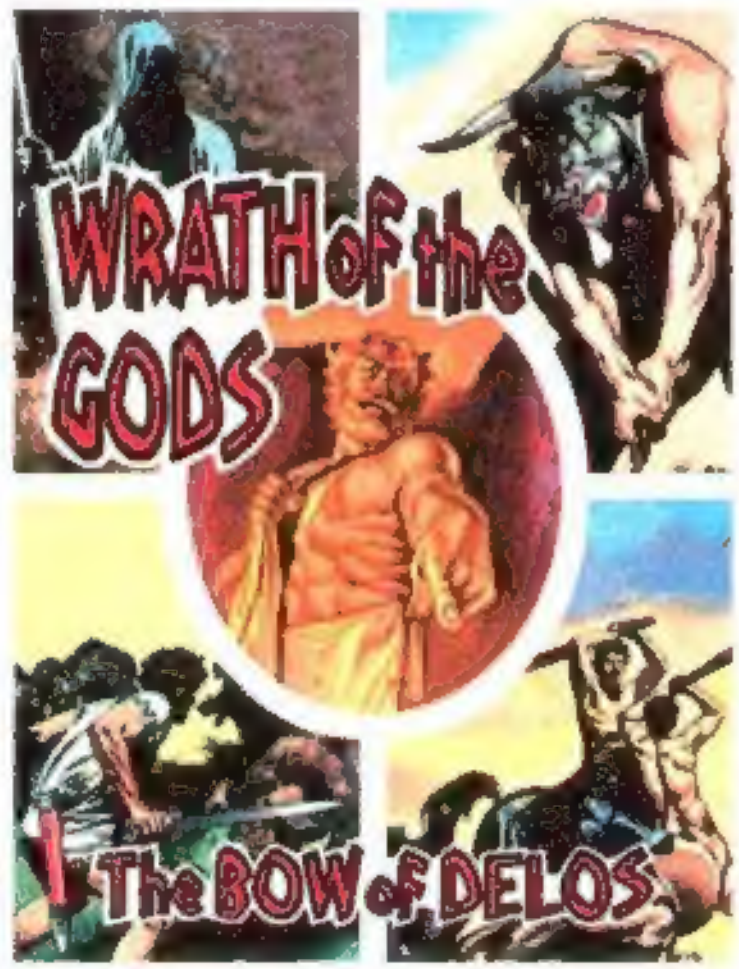

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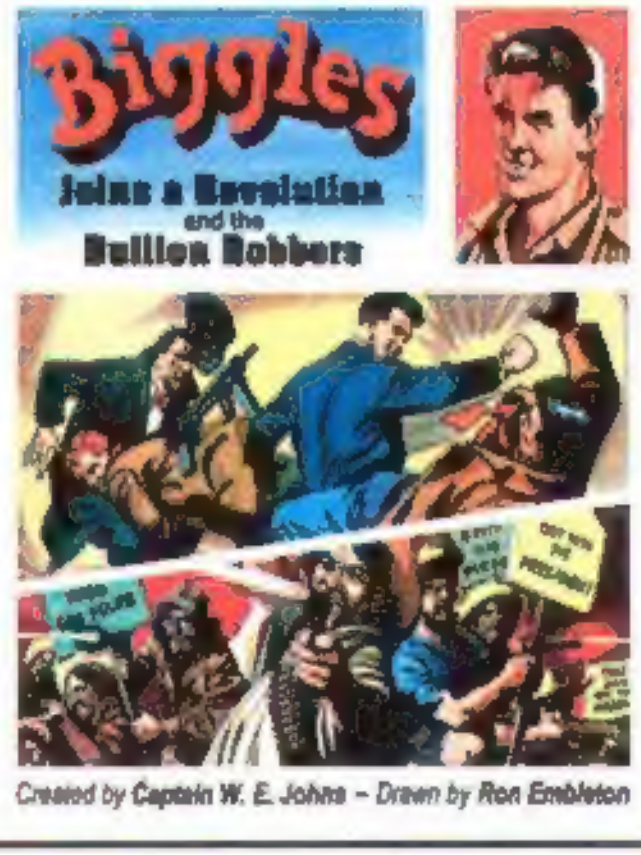

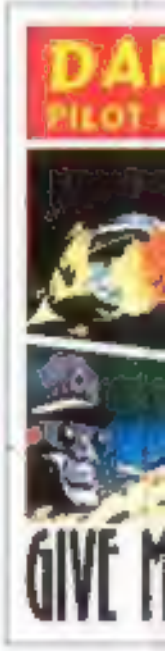

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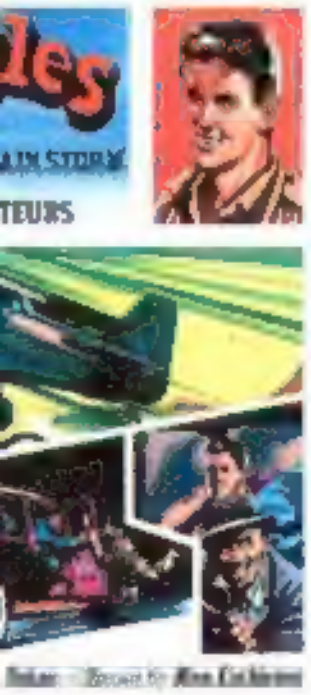

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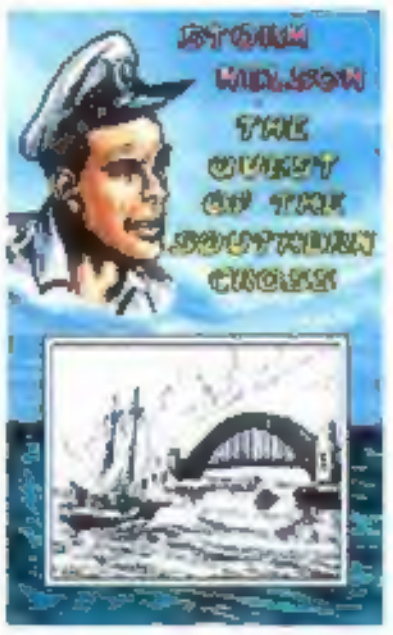

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